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Notes on the Road - 1868

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# NOTES ON THE ROAD;

BY A

CANADIAN "GUERRILLA,"

ALIAS

## COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

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TORONTO:

PRINTED AT THE DAILY TELEGRAPH PRINTING HOUSE,  
CORNER OF BAY AND KING STREETS.

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Dr. William J. Morse

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO

JAMES G. SHEPHERD, Esq.

OF MONTREAL,

AS A TOKEN OF

THE AUTHOR'S ESTEEM.

1. 1. 1.  
2. 2. 2.  
3. 3. 3.

## NOTES ON THE ROAD.

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It is possible some fastidious Knight of the Bag may feel his dignity aggrieved by the cognomen "Guerilla," applied, as it is, in conjunction with his honorable calling, and such a one may uncork his vial of wrath and pronounce the author a "demn'd vulgah fellah." Well, so mote it be, there are some thin-skinned, would-be aristocratic members of the brotherhood of commercial travelers, *alias* guerillas, whose only recommendation in the useful line is the faithfulness with which they perform the part of a walking advertisement for their tailor, and their acquaintance with the last new thing in the perfumery biz. To fear the displeasure of such, would betray an unnecessary timidity, I therefore, with all due respect, adhere to the *alias*, and thus express the reason of my so doing.

During the late American war, the guerilla troops attached to both armies particularly distinguished themselves by their uncommon activity and their numerous successful raids; the chief characteristic of the class was a cool assumption, and inimitable *sang froid*—always jolly if provender was plenty, and never hesitating on the score of a formal introduction about making a visit. Their intentions were doubtless less honorable and friendly than their Canadian namesake. The latter, however, emulate them in the following accomplishments: A restless activity, keen scent of fat game at unheard-of distances, a presence of mind that nothing can overcome, and a total disregard of danger, as exemplified by the hundreds of miles they travel on the G. T. R., and dare I add, the professional manner in which they deal with liquid samples; in the latter they are immense. I will not include all the fraternity in this remark, for there are several present to my

mind, who swear by ginger wine and lemonade. Poor fellows, ruining their health, or why do they require so often to obtain a medical certificate; once carry that quarter sheet of foolscap in their pocket, bearing the symbolistic letters, "I D,"—they all seem addicted to cramps and *collirwogs* in the abdominal region, demanding instantaneous internal treatment through the medium of a powerful medicine.

I notice the medicine must be of a palatable taste, for, like the urchin who was blessed with a huge supply of sugar previous to taking his powders, fond remembrance of the first instalment generally induces a call for a little more physic.

Another advantage this same written moral reputation confers upon the owner: when asked to "smile," they, with intense satisfaction, produce the magic lines and assert that they don't drink, in fact are temperance men; but feeling a little squeamish, something they eat for dinner not agreeing with them, don't mind if they take a small decoction of brandy, just to settle things. Good presence of mind, my boys, when that same thing will produce brandy every time you are sensible enough to be temperate on all such common drinks as beer, whiskey, etc. These practitioners are old travellers, thoroughly posted on all the *ins* and *outs*; difficult as a weasel to catch asleep; immense in the line of practical jokes; ready at any time to get off the last new thing on an acquaintance, but slippery as an eel if the individual should undertake to retaliate. These guerillas are muchly suspicious, and are as wary to bite as any trout that ever wore out the patience of the angler.

Well, let us clothe such motives with the mantle of charity. If the disease is of a contagious character, there is a danger of our becoming infected, so let us act unto others as we would they should do unto us, if *us* were placed in the same cold-water predicament. And now, while inculcating charity, the author asks from his brother "knights of the road," their kind consideration and lenient judgement upon the contents of this book. Those who commence these pages with the expectation of reading a work of fiction, and following out some cunningly devised plot of romance, will be *muchly* mistaken.

These lines are merely the record of the sober realities of a commercial travellers' every day life, interspersed with anecdotes and

facts as they really occurred. How many score of times I have heard a novice express his admiration of a guerilla's life, and paint with his own imaginative fancy the jolly times he would have, the sights he would see, and the tales he would hear. Verily, young man, thy dreams of the same are pleasant. Continue to indulge in the soothing delusion; but for the sake of romance, never undertake the sober reality. Your humble servant once felt as you feel; imagined the same jolly prospects ahead, but eight years of actual experience rubbed off the gilt, and provoked many a smile at the remembrance of his first impressions.

My first journey was made in the summer of 1859, over the country west of Toronto. All went well while I continued on the line of railroad, but an evil fate seemed to follow me through the back country—tough customers, and still tougher grub (excuse such plain English) were the daily bill of fare, while the less said in favor of the sleeping accommodation, the more will I show my regard for truth. Feather beds made from straw, crowned with an almost invisible pillow (called such by courtesy), and lined with two sheets; the dampness of which gave me a nightly attack of the ague, and vividly brought to mind the memory of the man who couldn't get warm; "only this and nothing more," such was my nightly experience, once "inside my chamber door." (The ghost of Poe will please excuse the above quotation.)

I can stand fried pork for breakfast, boiled pork to dinner, and pork cold for supper, and comfort myself with the knowledge, that as the landlord has ordered a barrel of pork, there is a reasonable prospect of a change in the bill of fare when next I travel his way, but I never can and never will forgive him for *dousing* me at night in a miniature mill pond. At his own quotation, wood is bought for one hundred and fifty cents per cord; and were he to bless my bed clothes to the extent of a dime's worth of fuel, he may stuff me with pork to his heart's content, and I promise never to grunt dissatisfaction; his wife may pour down my throat a decoction of *yarbs* and call it genuine gunpowder; she may load my plate with dough-nuts that have been fried in cosmopolitan fat, and the prongs of my fork may bend under the weight of a slice of her home-made pies, warranted to do no harm, as she declares, "they are not like those nasty rich things made by your

city cooks." Honest woman, verily you speak the truth; pie-ology is a science that no two study alike. Thy tea, however, I will drink—excuse me if I decline a second draught, I never take but one cup. Thy dough-nuts I will try to masticate, and the pie, if there is no opportunity to pocket, I will make it disappear otherwise; but, good old soul, reward me for my martyrdom; air well my bed-linen, and don't compel me to nightly sing, "Oh, mother, where's your darling now?" I believe some enthusiastic Irishman advised pouring spirits down to keep the spirits up. Pity the poor unfortunate who, in Canadian back country villages, undertakes to prove the value of the recipe. The pouring down part of the business may be got through with if your wind-pipe is warranted fire-proof, and a very limited quantity of "tangle-leg," will produce a very respectable drunk; but the melancholy reflections of the succeeding morning are such as fearfully overshadow any benefit derived from the artificial hilarity of the previous night. Some, grown desperate in the suffering, go in for a hair of the dog that bit so sharp. Prophets recommend this as a good cure; well, if the patient is copper-lined and bullet-proof, he may stand the treatment for a limited time; but I defy the New Jersey cast iron steam man to stand the treatment for any lengthened period without a fatal termination. This domestic tinkering with liquor, already more than sufficiently tinkered when purchased from the wholesale dealer, is a disgraceful practice, and cannot be too severely exposed. Country tavern keepers may thoroughly understand the manufacture of a "bran mash," yet not be competent to properly distil a healthy sample of "old rye." Cayenne pepper is a useful article of household consumption; but for humanity's sake, don't fill an old woollen stocking with the fiery powder, and drop the same in the bung hole of a forty-gallon barrel of corn whiskey, and swear the same to be genuine "old rye." Spirits of turpentine is a useful mixing medium in the paint trade; but I object on business principles to paint the interior of my domicile with any such inflammable material. Shun as you would the plague, whiskey at two pence a glass. Fight shy of "Old Tom," Holland's and Hennessys brandy at five cents. The drink, if imbibe you must, call for beer, and trust to luck that no fatal consequences will ensue.



After two weeks of back country experience, I drive into Owen Sound with a joyful anticipation of the good things in store, a clean well aired bed, and a healthy bill of fare. Although the Sound is like the places I have just visited, away back in the wilderness, its central position, large trade, and enterprising inhabitants, have combined to build up a town inferior in appearance to no other place of its size in the Province. The accommodation I met with at the hotel was a decided improvement over the previous fourteen days. The comfortable bed I occupied upon the night of my arrival, led me to a lengthened indulgence in the same, not making my appearance before 9 a.m., for which disgraceful conduct I received a broadside at the hands of the landlord, and a grumbling complaint about providing any breakfast for people who were too lazy to come down at the proper hour. A desire to give credit when it is due, leads me to speak favorably of the accommodation met with; but I decidedly object to say one word in favor of the proprietor, or recommend one friend to the hospitalities of his "hostelrie." He is one of those self-conceited, dogmatic specimens of humanity; in their own estimation, always right, prepared to back an opinion with a volley of oaths that would do credit to a South Sea pirate, and for services rendered, is ever ready to inflict a charge, before which, that of the famous Six Hundred pales into insignificance. With him there is but one way to avoid getting fleeced—never ask for your bill when leaving, if you know his proper rate yourself. Count up the number of days you have tarried, and tender him the amount from daily experience of this sort of thing. He thoroughly understands the delicate allusion, and like most men of his stamp, when he finds he cannot cheat you, he invariably apes the jolly-good-fellow line of business, anxious to accommodate regardless of expense.

In connection with the above remarks, I introduce no initials, or name the man I have alluded to. He will be known by the above description to every guerilla on the road; to the opinion of the majority of whom I am willing to defer the truthful correctness of my remarks, while his many victims in our ranks, I doubt not, will declare that I have not been sufficiently condemnatory to do justice to his character.

It was on the occasion of my first visit to Owen Sound that I

had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the illustrious Jack, then practising, like myself, his first trip. Those anxious to become acquainted with his surname, I beg to refer to the records of Scriptural History, where a namesake of his gained a world wide reputation. If that is not sufficient, allow me to admit his identity with the individual who makes a rule of objecting to sleeping apartments in a hotel, having a bell handle in too close proximity to the head of the bed. His reason for the above objection, deponent knoweth not, but slyly guesseth. Take this same Jack, all in all, he is not far removed on his male *parient's* side, from that historic individual whom noisy revellers are fond of declaring a "jolly-good-fellow." His capacity is great. What for? I will not say; but if Scotch whiskey was scarce, and my locker was the only one in his neighborhood that held the *mountain dew*, I should be very careful to whom I entrusted the custody of the key. I wonder does he remember that occasion in St M's, when Scotland's national beverage flew quick and fast, and Scottish patriotism bubbling to an overflow in the breast of the *canny Mac.*, elevated him at 3 a.m. to the position of honor in the centre of the table, where he unsuccessfully assayed alone and unaided to sing a duett, the words of which were a queer admixture of "Auld lang syne," and "God save the Queen." If he has a retentive memory, he doubtless remembers all this; yea, and something more. That something more I care not to talk about; but one thing I will honestly affirm, that the redoubtable Jack, on that night, in the year of our Lord 1859, did a little in the pedestrian line that would have ranked a creditable performance for Deerfoot himself. It is for his enemies to find out if any shadow pursued his flying footsteps.

Has any reader of these pages been detained over night at this same St. M's, if so, he is deserving of compassion. Could the stones of the corner building speak out a tithe of the curses both loud and deep that have been uttered against their unworthy proprietor, the record would, I fear, shock the virtuous sense of the community, and forever cloud the moral reputation of the whole race of commercial travellers. I never swore at this degenerate landlord, for the very good reason, that I was too mad to express my feelings. He is one of those oily individuals, slippery

and unreliable, and the table he spreads for the entertainment of his guests would shame a first-class poor house, but more particularly do I find fault with this Shylock tavern keeper, for the skill he displays in so arranging matters, that a guest desirous of leaving on the evening train, is often, through his representations about the hour of departure of the omnibus to the station, forced to remain over till the following morning. Having, like a score of others, experienced this contemptible treatment, I can safely pronounce it the very refinement of cruelty, especially if the season be, as when it happened with me, midsummer. A room eight by ten, furnished with a bed, invented apparently for the purpose of making its occupant for the night do penance for the sins of the day; wash stand furnished on economical principles; a lump of that useful compound called yellow soap, and one towel, I beg pardon, it would require an imagination strong as Munchausen's to trace any resemblance between this eight by six inch rag, and what generally passes current for a towel. Have I got through the inventory? No. By all means don't let us pass by unnoticed that unique object tacked to the wall which does service for a looking-glass, or at least is supposed to do so. Before smashed out of all fair proportions, it doubtless was a reasonable bargain at twenty-five cents, retail; but since, the remaining portions that survived the crash have been divided out and made do service for so many rooms. Their usefulness is only a reminiscence of the past. I well remember the morning I undertook to dress in the limited space at my disposal. It required considerable ingenuity to engineer through the difficulties that surrounded me. Recollect bell-ropes are a fashionable innovation and luxury, not countenanced by this puritanical Boniface; but I believe a naturally strong pair of lungs, perseveringly worked, started echoes through the house that speedily brought to my chamber-door, landlord, chambermaids, bar-tender, and, by the horsey perfume that scattered its fragrance around, I should add the hostler. By their affrighted looks they evidently imagined that I had shouted "fire." I at once undeceived them, paying particular attention to the chambermaid, who was neither old nor ugly. I earnestly explained the dilemma I was in by drawing her attention to the size of the towel, then comparing the same with the breadth of my figure-head, and

in pathetic tones pleaded for a dozen or so more of the same, or if this was impossible, I begged her to emulate the conduct of one of Bobbie Burn's heroines, who, for his especial benefit, tore up a pair of sheets. Luckily for the prosperity of the household linen, she remembered the three and a half yards of bagging that did service behind the kitchen door. She quickly returned with this specimen of Canadian manufacture. By the many impressions of black fingers upon its surface, I judged some neighboring foundrymen had the run of the premises; but considering by these very marks that so many had evidently been satisfied with its accommodation, I grumbled, not audibly, but went in on a vigorous search for a clean spot. It would, however, have required the vigilance of a baker's dozen of Hawkshaws for the successful accomplishment of the same. I must not omit to mention the first impression made upon my mind when I undertook to peer into the reflective surface of that twentieth section of a mirror. That first impression was also the last and only one, and so powerfully did it arrest my attention and stamp its remembrance on my mind, that I actually, ten minutes after, caught myself going down the street singing, in a mournful voice, "I'm not myself at all." I advise all who visit the town wherein occurred what I have just mentioned, to be particular in getting there if at all possible on a morning train, and if you value your peace of mind for a week after, don't fail to get out of it before the shades of night settle over its flour mills.

Passing on to London after such miserable fare, one doubly appreciates the comfort of the Tecumseh, where a bounteous spread satisfies the inner requirements, and large, airy chambers woo the tired to refreshing slumber. That member of the fraternity who pronounced London an expensive place to live in, it having cost him an odd twenty-five dollars for a night's amusement, had better, in his succeeding visits, remember the old adage that fools rush in where wise men fear to tread. Those who do less circumferentiating (this word to be continued) pronounce this namesake of old London a very agreeable resting place.

It is much to be regretted that the commercial travellers of Canada do not follow the example set by their brethren in England, and inaugurate a society having for its object mutual benefit and pro-

tection. There is also much other work that would very properly come under their notice, and should receive their attention. A great number of hotel keepers throughout the Dominion make a practice of swindling every bag-man that stops at their house. Knowing them to be a liberal set of fellows, they invariably stretch their bill to the utmost limits they think the victim's patience will stand, and often overshoot the mark and practice downright extortion. A very effective remedy to bring into use against such sharks, would be for the manager of the society to request information of all such occurrences, and upon three substantiated reports being sent in against any hotel for such practices, let him by circular or otherwise notify the whole body of travellers, specify the complaints made, and call upon them as members of the society to shew their disapproval by all agreeing to transfer their custom to some other inn in the same town. Such a course as this would very speedily remedy the evil now so often complained of. The same attention might also with beneficial results be bestowed upon many livery stable keepers who pay but little attention to that golden adage, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." All such avaricious, grasping individuals should be taught a lesson, and the only effectual way to accomplish the same is to pinch their pockets. Through its magic influence you can reach their soul, but in no other way can it be done. The amount of money expended in the shape of travelling expenses by the commercial men of the country, has after a very careful and moderate calculation been estimated at four thousand six hundred dollars per day, or allowing an average of six months on the road for each man, it reaches the formidable amount of \$837,200 per annum. Surely a body of men disbursing such a sum total yearly should be entitled to receive good accommodation in return; but such a desirable consummation can hardly be expected unless some such plan as before mentioned is adopted. Once organize and unite together for mutual benefit; give these land sharks to understand that if they swindle one member they also insult the whole fraternity, and run the risk of losing the patronage of each and all; impress these facts upon their minds, and believe me, just causes of complaint will very seldom arise. There are many men both west and east of Toronto whose conduct has been so much the reverse of

honest in their manner of treating their best patrons, that they richly deserve having their names and places of business made public in these pages. It is with the greatest reluctance that the writer has refrained from so doing, but a desire to give them one more chance has tempted him to show leniency towards them. If that same is not appreciated, in the sequel to these notes I promise them the full benefit of printers' ink.

There are probably some young beginners in the rôle of a commercial traveller who expect to find in this book some general advice about how to sell goods. This can be done in very few words, and, depend upon it, if attended to, it will never fail of success, viz.: energy, perseverance, and honesty. Josh Billings affirms, that, if you can't strike oil in twenty minutes, it is a sure sign that your augur is too short, or you are on bad territory. Don't heed any such lesson; try on, and try again; it is the constant dripping wears the rock, and it is gentlemanly perseverance that wins the day. If, on your first visit, you fail to make an impression on your customer, be sure and call upon him on your second; never fail to try him upon every occasion, and endeavor to make him believe that it will be to his advantage to patronize the firm you represent; but, above all things, be honest in your representations. Never tell a customer a lie for the sake of selling an extra piece or two of goods; it may appear an apparent gain at the time, but it never fails, in the long run, to injure the house, whose real interest can never be promoted by any such conduct upon the part of their traveller. Many good customers are also spoilt by overcrowding goods. I mean the pressing upon them of wares their business do not really require, but which through, perhaps, friendship for the traveller, they are induced to order. This way of forcing trade, to use a common saying on the road, will not wear; and the man who is travelling, and cramming stock wherever an opportunity offers, on the strength of an acquaintance, will find in a short time that he has killed his connection. Always endeavour to build up confidence in your word. Let your customer understand that you also study his interest as well as your own, and desire only to sell him that which you believe his business requires. I regret to say that but few men practice this golden rule. The consequence is that travellers of many years' standing

on the road "are an exception;" instead, there is a constant succession of new faces. Wholesale houses should refrain from changing their travellers, only when absolutely necessary. The man who represents the same firm, say for a succession of years, has a great advantage over any other, and can, in the dullest season, sell goods where a stranger to the customer would find it impossible. There are some houses, who, after their traveller has gained for them a good connection, object to allow him a reasonable increase of salary, preferring rather to have a new beginner, at a small remuneration, and trust to luck that he will be able to keep up the connection. Truly there are more blind people in the world than those whose eyes are sealed to the light of day; and this specimen of business bungling just quoted is about as strong an evidence of the same as I wot of. When the old representative leaves, the firm whose service he quits is by far the greatest loser. There are always any number of young firms who are ever ready to engage a man having a good connection, and hesitate not to pay him a liberal salary for his services. Wholesale men should bear this in mind, and when they have in their employ a traveller who has proved himself a good and reliable man, the consideration of a few extra dollars per annum should not be allowed to cause a parting.

I would also ask of those firms who are in the habit of paying their traveller by commission instead of a stated salary, if they, after a fair trial of the two systems, prefer the former.

I doubt not many will say, "Oh, it is the most satisfactory, for if our agent makes a poor trip, selling but few goods, we are on the safe side, inasmuch as it costs us only in proportion to the amount sold." Such reasoning may sound very plausible, but, judging from another, and, I think, in the end, a more economical standpoint, the first conclusion will be found open to many objections.

1st. The agent selling on commission is likely to over-crowd goods on his customers for the purpose of increasing his own per centage.

2nd. He is more liable to make sales to an inferior class of men.

3rd. He studies more his own present profit than the ultimate benefit of the firm he represents.

For these three reasons I consider the commission system objectionable. Some may assert that a first-class man, who under-



stands his business, will not be guilty of either of the above-named objections. I consider him just as likely to do so as the most inexperienced bagman on the road, for the simple reason that the majority travel not for pleasure, but to make money, knowing that the larger their orders, and the more they can obtain of them, the greater is their own gain. Balanced against this weighty consideration, I fear the judgment will be found wanting in many cases. The traveller's opinion of a customer guides his employer's decision about selling him goods. If the employee is receiving a stated salary, and his expenses paid, he is likely to be much more searching in his enquiries than when remunerated by commission. Such, at least, is the writer's opinion. It has been formed from a personal knowledge of many facts, that, to him, bears out the truth of the deductions. He only hopes, for the sake of the black side of the Ledger account, that they were isolated exceptions.

In a settled country like England, where nearly every mile of one's journey can be performed by railroad, and where one is sure to meet with comfortable hotel accommodation, the position of a commercial traveller is a much more desirable one. There, also, your customers are more easily dealt with than with us. Nine-tenths of the goods purchased in England by retail dealers are bought through commercial travellers. Such a medium is recognized by the purchaser as one in every way satisfactory, and much more convenient to himself. With us in Canada it is widely different. If I may be allowed to say it, the retail dealers of the Dominion are not as yet educated up to that mark of intelligence. True, every year shows an improvement in this respect, but still there is, upon the part of a great many buyers, an unwillingness to purchase from sample agents; and I feel compelled to admit that much of this unwillingness can be traced to the conduct of some of our wholesale dealers. In England, a country merchant gives his order to the traveller, selecting from his samples what best suits his trade, and orders these goods with confidence that he will have sent him that which he bought, and nothing more. I wish I could say the same amount of confidence existed here, but the experience of every man on the road declares the contrary. The system of stuffing, which, to a certain extent, is still practised, is prejudicial to the interests of every firm that allows such dishonorable

conduct, and, at the same time, does a great injury to every agent travelling. The dealer who has been once nipped in this manner becomes very cautious in all his after transactions. The higher his credit stands, the more particular will he be. Guiding himself by past experience, he fights shy of again running any risk, oftentimes refusing to buy goods he really required, through lack of confidence in getting the same as ordered. It is all very well to tell such men that if they do not receive the same as the sample, to return them to the house. Such advice should always be acted upon when necessary; but there are many who do not like to do it, and make the best of a bad bargain rather than put themselves to any further trouble; at the same time, they resolve to deal as little as possible with outside parties, reserving their really valuable orders for a personal visit to the city they trade in.

The practice just alluded to is one too often indulged in by new firms anxious to make headway over old established houses. They resort to such dodges for the sake of running off stock and having the name of selling a large amount of goods. It is a suicidal course, and one which, if persevered in, never fails to inflict great injury upon the business. I could at the present time mention several wholesale establishments in Montreal and Toronto, who through indulgence in such practices have completely lost the confidence of their customers. It is true that they may occasionally make a bill the second time with the same party, but generally this happens when the purchaser is on the spot, selects the goods he requires, and oftentimes gently insinuates that if anything else is substituted, or additions made to the quantity ordered, he will return the lot. By using such threats he may get what he wants. It is however little creditable to any firm to be thus suspected, and even in a pecuniary point of view the straightforward, honorable course of conduct pays the best. Those firms who are still liable to commit this grave business error should at once put a stop to the same, utterly discountenance in their employees any such tricky subterfuges, and depend upon it, the result will be in every way satisfactory.

It would be highly improper to pass unnoticed that distinguished class called drummers. They are, as a body, known to every merchant in the country, who, at certain seasons, visit the two chief commercial cities, Montreal and Toronto. It is, however, those of

the former place I intend more particularly to notice. Their brethren of the Queen City of the West are of the milk and water order in comparison, in no way worthy to rank alongside their eastern rivals, who are a class of bipeds possessing any amount of cheek, never trouble themselves about a formal introduction to claim acquaintance, but are always ready to march up, hand extended, and exclaim, "How d'ye do my dear fellow?—glad to see you—when did you arrive?" &c., &c. Their kindness is really overpowering, impressing the uninitiated with a notion of their real downright jolly good fellowship. The outsider, however, when he gets acquainted with their "biz," will scarce deem their proffers of friendship so disinterested. These fashionably dressed young fellows, who are so anxious for you to drink at their expense, are merely, as before mentioned, drummers, *alias* birds of prey, perambulating around with hopes of meeting a subject to experiment on. From early morn till the wee small hours they haunt every nook and corner of the leading hotels in Montreal. Do they ever sleep? is a question I have ofttime asked myself, and judging from their everlasting presence on the scene of action I have concluded they do not—at least not in the general acceptance of the word, but perhaps they indulge in the historical forty winks standing. They are capital judges of human nature. With one glance at a man they seem to divine the weak side of his character. With one the salutation is, "Come, let us take a smile:" with another, how is Mrs. B. and all the little B.'s?—are you likely to be in town over Sunday? if so, I should be much pleased for you to occupy a seat in my pew." Forthwith follows a few remarks on theological subjects, the merits or otherwise of certain preachers, and a general dissertation on the moral welfare of the people. They express themselves in kindred phrase after the welfare of Sunday Schools in their listener's neighborhood, and descant in terms of strongest commendation on the benefits of protracted meetings. I am afraid the reader will feel inclined to call out "Hypocrite!" If he does, I cannot say nay to the verdict. I am merely recounting facts as they come under one's personal observation. The onus of the hypocrisy, if any, rests upon the shoulders of the dissembler.

If, however, you desire to see a "guerilla" to advantage, take him when engaged angling a customer of the free and easy sort ;

one who is willing to smile when you smile, and open for any entertainment the evening offers up for his enjoyment. Bear in mind there are many who, when at home, are strictly speaking, businessmen, models of propriety, straight, substantial pillars of their church, whose every step is looked upon as the walk of the righteous, and their commendable Christian charity held up as a pattern worthy of emulation by all less generous parishioners. Occasionally they participate in the cup that inebriates; at such interesting ceremonies, for instance, as christenings, &c. When at home they are in a chrysalis state. It is only when they visit Montreal that they come out in full bloom; at home, the undeveloped bud; when in the metropolis, the fully developed blossom, away from the prying eyes of neighbors and removed far from the liability of Mrs. Caudle's exhortations. They rush in free and untrammelled. Their semi-annual holiday is a green spot in the memory of the year's transactions, unless, as sometimes happens, the cost of the same has been woefully disproportionate to the fun enjoyed. In the company of this latter individual, our "guerilla" shines to advantage. He is conversant with every place of amusement, and thoroughly posted where to find the best old ale; knows all the snug houses of entertainment. Where a private room can be obtained and full permission granted to an unlimited amount of singing, the jollity of the evening's entertainment is made a lever to open the valves of his guest's good nature, getting him, before the termination of the night's fun, perfectly satisfied with himself and the rest of the world besides. When arrived at this contented state of affairs, they gently insinuate business, and hope they will have the pleasure of a call on the morrow; but having learnt by experience the old adage that "there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," they fail not to put in an early appearance in the morn, and watch the first coming of their friend. They oftentimes penetrate to his chamber, bearing in their hand the olive branch of peace to cobwebbed throats in the shape of a colored liquid, warranted to soothe the troubled nerves. Once up and around, never did cat watch mouse closer than our *galoot* his mercantile acquaintance. Truly, I say, his perseverance deserves success in the shape of a bumper order high up among the centuries.

Verily the world is made up of strange people, and not the least curious among the collection is your genuine Drum-

mer. Country merchants, take advice from one who has himself practiced a little at the game. Whenever you visit Montreal on business, get the button-holes of your coat leather bound, and for security's sake barricade the door of your chamber with the bed, for experience has in numberless instances proved that the key of No. 69 will often gain admittance to No. 80. The class just alluded to and their calling is only one more phase of a commercial traveller's life. I commenced this book by giving him one alias, "guerilla." I could in all truth and fairness, were I inclined, make another addition, and introduce the genus homo as commercial traveller, alias guerilla, alias, Drummer. In the two first capacities he visits you at your place of residence; in the last he plays the part of the spider in his parlor—mind I don't insinuate against his honour or fair dealing (they are above suspicion) but, his mode of attack is so precisely like the simile offered, that candour compels me to mention the same, would you escape their importunities. I'll tell you how; get a friend in the hotel to whisper around the magic words, "lame duck," in connexion with your name: take my word for it your days will be days of peace, and your nights undisturbed by knockings at your chamber door.

In the course of a lifetime one meets with many strange individuals, eccentric and peculiar specimens of humanity whose only aim and object seems to be a total disregard of all ordinary rules and logic; they are ever at variance with their fellows, their views narrow and contracted, war against everything approaching to common sense or mental improvement; ever anxious to drag one down to their own level, but never willing to receive beneficial instruction or enlightenment. Again, there are some who are best described by the word nonentity, the flat unruffled deadened surface of their existence flows onward with apparently never an incident sufficiently attractive to woo them from their torpor, unenergetic and unambitious, so long as they have food to eat and raiment to clothe them, they live to all outward appearance contented human drones, clogs upon the wheel of society; an uninfluential, uselesss member of the world's brotherhood, a partaker in no good work, a helper in nothing that will tend to the common benefit, their very presence is an incumbrance and weighs like an incubus upon the energy of others, work is to them a holy abhorrence;

manual labour, earning one's bread by the sweat of the brow, is in their estimation a scriptural maxim allegorically representative of a past necessary evil, but in no way applicable to their case. Some I know, of this latter class, who pass nine-tenths of their existence within the walls of their dwelling place. You see them like roaming, restless, uneasy spirits; they flit from upper floor to basement, wandering hither and thither aimless and purposeless; if you should meet them upon the occasion of one of their rare appearances on the street, the least perceptible eye could recognize their character and point it out in a multitude; their very step proclaims the man of no energy, the listless vacant look of the face, and the limp swing of the arms of the unenergetic biped. There is one good specimen whose name, while writing the foregoing, reverts to my mind. He is a sample *par excellence*—a perfect prodigy—I do not mean for talent, unusual skill or rare accomplishments, at least not for the possession of these as generally understood, yet the hero of this chapter possesses the whole three, if one may pass an opinion upon the great ability he displays in doing nothing. During all the days of my acquaintanceship with him I never knew him guilty of anything appertaining to work. I remember once hearing a story about an individual so lazy that his neighbors, disgusted with continually helping a man who scorned to help himself, at last decided to bury him, and thus save further trouble, enclosing the intended live candidate for the tomb, who was too lazy to make any objections, and allowed himself to be placed in the coffin, and quietly and contented, perhaps, enjoyed the ride to the graveyard. Before reaching the abode of the dead, an honest-hearted, generous Quaker met the procession, and made inquiries of their business. Upon receiving answer that they were bound to bury the man who was too desperately lazy to live, the stranger expressed his sorrow, and begged them to give the victim one more chance; he would himself send for his benefit a bushel of corn. At mention of the last word, this paragon of sloth raised himself from the coffin and solemnly enquired if he meant shelled corn. I would really like to know, did this man afterwards marry, raise a family, and whether any of his children ever emigrated to Canada, what was their family name, etc., etc., not that I would positively assert any relationship between him and the subject of this sketch, but really

the same traits are so conspicuous in the modern prototype that one does feel anxious about the family name, if he is a descendant, I say hurrah for the b'hoy, he is an honor to his parient, he has even improved upon the paternal advice, and now after years of practice stands forth (beg pardon—standing is a thing he rarely does, sitting down is his forte,) a shining light 'mid the world of drones. Our friend boards out, and the waiters of the establishment he honors, with his presence declare him the biggest bore the world ever produced (no pun intended.) But stay, I am doing this man injustice. I said, he toils not, neither does he spin; I beg to correct myself; he is the liveliest spinner that ever sat at dinner table; he is heavy on breakfast and some on supper, but dinner is his forte. Calmly and deliberately he enters from the sitting room, rabid and hungry, the amount of wittles he consumes I hesitate to pronounce judgment upon. One might safely bet high upon his capacity; for a small warehouse, he holds more than ever I could have believed possible to stow away; like an omnibus or street car he is never full, always room for something more. Not long since, a big Yank, stopping at the same hotel, engaged attention by his gormandising. The boarders, anxious for sport, proposed to bet on the capabilities of the two star performers, and greatindeed were the expectations formed of the rich fun in store; but alas, "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft afee," the proprietor of the hotel heard of the contemplated match and expressly forbid the same being decided in his house. The landlord is an economical man, and he reasonably objected that the whole establishment should be having fun at his sole expense. I believe none more regretted the non-fulfilment of the agreement than the two principals. They had both been preparing for the feast, one having taken but three plates of steak to his breakfast, and the other only three cups of coffee and a baker's dozen of sausages, and then to think that they had robbed themselves and no good arise from the affliction. Verily, man is made to mourn and suffer. Medical men claim that an over indulgence of the appetite surely brings on all the miseries of dyspepsia, their logic fails to hold good in this case, he has fought it out on the same line for years, apparently uninjured, and those who know him best hesitate not to affirm that his acknowledged pluck will lead him to continue fighting it out on that line if it takes a life time. Truly, I believe two such men in one township



would breed a famine! Members of the brotherhood who know this man, have mercy on his weakness, and do not worry him as you have been wont to do; remember he has much upon his mind, and many things to agitate him. Every hour that precedes his meals is to him a weary waiting, and full of harrassing doubt about what will be provided for him. Remember this and be charitable.

The Adonis of the road! Pray don't commence pulling up your shirt collars, giving an extra twirl to the monstachios, or endeavour to squeeze your shanks into an extra tight pair of unmentionables; the effect will alter not the decision already arrived at. There is one whose claims are so immeasurably superior to any others can advance that we hesitate not to award him the palm of superiority; the subject of remark has somewhat of the Dundreary stock about him. One of your ha, ha! waw fellah! you know, you know! who couldn't associate with those dem'd vulgah fellahs, that eat cabbage to their dinnah, you know. You know all this and something more, the gallant unknown prides himself upon his good looks and address. The most conspicuous thing in connexion with this exquisite is the exceeding length of his whiskers. Strange that so luxurious a growth should hail from so barren a soil. When he strikes posish *a la* French dancing master out of employ, and spreads to their extreme width his side choppers, he is irresistible. Such, at least, is his own impression. Woe betide thee, fair damsel, upon whom he opens the battery of his fascination, for thee there can be but little chance! Young and inexperienced, how canst thou expect to escape, when for a very certainty, widows not overly fair, but fat and forty, have succumbed to his lordship's attractions, and leaving behind them comfortable hostelries, and many friends, have followed their true love off to the west. I fancy many there are who much desire to ascertain this hero's name. Such low expectations cannot be gratified. The sons of fame must not be gazed upon with eyes staring for the sake of vulgar curiosity. This hero of ours was a man of many soles; that is, he travelled in the shoe biz. But his glory has departed; his firm, boasting a little morality as part of their stock in trade, objected to their traveller being so muchly married to one wife, they grumbled not, but concluded, considering his weight and wealth, that number one was sufficient to engross his attention. Dame rumour, by the by, rather an unreliable old woman, though in this in-

stance they do say she hit the nail, asserts that great was the commotion attending this runaway. The male and female elopists had disappeared but for a short season, when a bogus telegram despatched from the late head quarters of Venus, induced her and Adonis to return most speedily; but, horrible to recount, a man in blue awaited their arrival and forthwith seized upon the male sinner at the instance of his outraged lawful spouse.

*Moral*—Envy not widows, neither widow's properties, nor anything that belongeth to widows, or thy days in the leather biz may be short.

A guerilla on romance! Verily the same soundeth strangely and seemeth altogether at variance with the matter-of-fact nature of his calling, yet strange things are daily occurring, and why not a vendor of merchandize appreciate the beauties of nature, as well as admire the perfections of art? If he has for a few days been blessed with a run of good luck, his spirits are up to an effervescing point, and his mind is open to receive the most favourable impressions of surrounding objects: but, if his orders have been few, and those small in amount, I pity the companion who undertakes to arrest his attention or expect a favorable opinion of some interesting object or scene. Figuratively speaking, he has the blues, and acts as savage and uncontrolled as a Camanchee Indian on the war path. In just such a humour was Jack of the ancient name. Upon an occasion when he and I travelled per steamer from Collingwood to Owen Sound, a run of bad business from Toronto northward had soured his temper and made him anxious to grumble at any and everything. The time was late in the fall—if I mistake not, 'twas to be the last trip but one of the steamer for the season. The weather was very rough, and fortunate for my peace of mind, presented something at which our friend could grumble to his heart's content. He anathematized the wind, the water and the boat, and I verily believe would have sworn at the captain, but the remembrance of some very decent Scotch whiskey in that personage's possession calmed his tongue. The mountain dew afterwards seemed to soothe his mind, locking his senses in sweet forgetfulness. Remaining at the Sound two days, we returned by the same route. The amount of success my commercial companion had met with in that stirring place had elevated him a good deal in his own estimation, with him then everything was lovely, mountain

dew breathed its fragrance once more, and song and jest were the order of the first half of the return trip. But alas, constant suction exhausted the supply. At this juncture, the captain, who had a short time previously gone down into the saloon, came in great haste back upon the deck, and in a voice of thunder demanded to know what land lubber was steering his boat. Aroused by his stentorian voice, I moved forward, and was astonished at beholding my illustrious guerilla friend occupying the post of honor in the wheel house, and steering the boat straight for the shore. His apology for the course he was travelling in was a very unique one, I at the present time forget what it was, but I am inclined to doubt the truthfulness of his excuse made to the captain. Knowing Jack well, I believe that whiskey was the cause of his making short tacks for shore to get in another supply. His capabilities in the raiding line for this commodity entitles him to every respect, and were his abilities better known, would ensure him a lucrative position in the excise department; his keenness of scent would enable him to track every illicit still in the country, and his great experience as a sampler would at once enable him to decide upon the strength and purity of the article.

By what incomprehensible rule do you account for the startling fact that ministers' sons are generally hard cases in proportion to their parents' piety? Do they on the opposite side gain notoriety for their sinful conduct? There are some I have met with, who despite the devil in their composition, possessed an indescribable something that failed not to attract acquaintanceship, and made one, though regretting the sinful shade upon their character, admire the fearless honesty that was the first to proclaim its own backsliding, and admit the truthful correctness of all and every insinuation levelled at their character, though the same were grossly exaggerated. I doubt not that the majority of commercial travellers who read this book are acquainted with one of the fraternity whose name naturally presents itself to the mind when reading the foregoing. He is a mystery of mysteries; a very Sphinx of curiosity; a reckless, rollicking, devil-may-care specimen of humanity, that would either lend a V or borrow one with equal satisfaction. Who does not know *Jem*? Were I to call him James, I doubt if himself would recognise it, so unusual would sound the application applied personally. The cognomen *Jem* is a name that passes current the

road over, and commands the reputation of a jolly good fellow. Jem took primary lessons in a back-country village, but graduated at the mature age of twelve, on his own hook, going forth his fortunes for to seek, a kind of universal genius, having a natural aptness for every line of business, who now, at the present time, swears there is nothing like leather. Another man of many soles, Jem is also somewhat of a linguist: whether roaming way down 'mid the plantations, accompanying Sambo in his mournful lamentations, wandering by the banks of the Ohio, going it away down in Tennessee, thinking of the days of Auld Lang Syne, or rousing up our recollection of Biddy Magee, he is alike at home, and competent to prove at any time, and upon ever so short a notice, that he is a whole team, and something to spare. He is also capable of spinning out a lively story, his collection of the same being both large and varied. He occasionally gives advice to his friends, and considers himself some in posting them how to pick out a good cheese. For shame, Jem! You should know, if said advice were acted on, it would likely lead the operator into difficulty, unless, forsooth, the vender of the cheese was an accommodating individual. Some generous-hearted widow, for instance, anxious to throw aside her weeds and try once more the boasted blessings of the matrimonial state; her impressible heart might, were the customer, like yourself, young and of good address, allow such sampling to take place—You cheese story-teller! Is there any truth in the report scattered so broadcast, about your bad luck during your first trip? They do say that upon your return to Montreal you were *minus* any baggage. When I first heard the same I expressed regret, and was anxious to know the reason why of your misfortune. I then judged the pecuniary loss to be considerable, but if the information on that point was reliable—and candor compels me to admit that it savored strongly of truth—my compassion was needlessly expended. They do say, however ungenerous it may sound to repeat the same, that the whole lock, stock and barrel of your luggage, when starting, was the following list: tooth-brush, pocket-comb, and a box of paper collars, retail price fifteen cents—not even linen faced, which cost twenty-five. Your presence of mind, as evidenced by the foregoing, is highly commendable. Your outfit being so compact and easily handled, placed you at all times independent of hotel keepers,

who are great on multiplication. Their bill may be ever so formidable, extras may be marked down with a very careless pen, and the sum total produced be of the most unreasonable amount for the accommodation received. They can never take you at a disadvantage; no distraint can be made upon your personal effects; or, even if such were done, the loss of a tooth-brush, etc., could be replaced for a trifling outlay. The example you have set, Jem, is worthy of all commendation; and if, from personal experience, you pronounce this novel remedy against exorbitant hotel bills efficacious, by all means let every "guerilla" go and do likewise.

I have travelled but little through the Eastern Townships, and have but little personal knowledge of the inhabitants thereof, their traits, peculiarities, &c. It has, however, been my good fortune to meet in Montreal, one who made his first appearance in these classic regions, populated by "*habitans*" and "galvanised Yankees." I do not know that the mere fact of his having been born in that section of the Dominion would entitle him to remark; but he is such a rare peculiarity in his way, that he deserves more than passing notice. His occupation, as he himself designates it, is peddling rags; in more genteel phrase, he travels in the clothing trade. His firm classifies him as their "Yankee traveller," and his many friends outside the business, doubtless, recognize him by the same term. I verily believe this subject of ours, if he had been allowed any say in the matter, would have preferred being born an American citizen, and would have given the preference to wooden nutmegs, bass-wood hams, and Connecticut pumpkin-seeds. I trust my mentioning this is not doing injustice to his character. I have no authority for making the statement, I will admit, but still there is an indescribable something about him which, on first acquaintance, would decide me on saying, "If this man is not an eastern Yank he ought to be one."

Mac, my regard for thee, in the words of the song, "shall never, never die." Do, therefore, pay particular attention to my words of advice. Smoke less and live more. Selling colored meerschaum may be a profitable business; but remember the amount of labour necessary to get a second stock: pause well and consider. Your natural ability and daily habits of blowing are well so known and recognized, that it is quite unnecessary for you to puff yourself

into notoriety. I trust you will not feel annoyed at my relating that little circumstance that occurred in the "*sanctum sanctorum*" of the Albion. I allude to the "fibbing" match between yourself and a well known proficient in the *biz*. I should not like to irritate your feelings, or endanger the much prized friendly relations at present existing between us; but the desire to tell a really good thing to my friends, tempts me to run the risk and trust to luck not to displease you; so here goes:

On the night alluded to above, a few friends had gathered in the saloon of the Albion Hotel, each of the party in turn relating some amusing story. The worthy proprietor of the house is some on a "yarn," and this evening, in particular, he had risen high the laugh over some reminiscence of his personal experience. At last one of the party introduced a hunting story, which, at its termination, brought our friend of the Eastern Townships to his feet, who, with much apparent gusto, described the great success he had met last season shooting snipe. When asked the greatest number of birds he had bagged in one day, he replied "nine hundred and ninety-nine, before 11 a.m." A citizen present, noted for his own skilful use of the "long bow," gravely enquired why he did not make it a thousand, to which the narrator responded, "Twern't worth lying for one snipe." Citizen immediately became excited, and at once started to tell of a certain swimming match. He stated that a man, some two years previously, had swam from Liverpool to Quebec; he could swear to the truth of the story as he himself had sailed from Liverpool the following day on one of the Canadian steamers, and passed the swimmer about two miles from his Canadian port. Friend Mac, at once grasped citizen's hand, and thanked him for his truthfulness, speaking as follows: "Yew see, stranger, yure being thar kinder settles the matter beyond dispute, 'cause I'se was the critter what done the swimming." The reader will easily believe that a young gentleman whose story-telling propensities the above is only a fair sample of, is blessed with rather a powerful imagination, which he at times is ready to draw upon for the amusement of his friends.

The "Lost Babes of the Wood." Such was I tempted to quote when first heard of the mishap that attended an expeditionary force

of "guerillas," between Owen Sound and Meaford. The shepherd of the flock, was accompanied by his friend, who, by the way, has no legal right to sing "Not for Joseph." These two pioneers managed to keep on the track through the wilderness; but, alas! their followers became *muchly* demoralized. Mrs. Johnson, in company with that lively representative of the New Dominion who carries many trunks and shows many clothes, strayed from the broad and beaten track. Their education having been neglected in the days of their youth and innocence, they embraced the excellent opportunity now offered them of getting posted. By taking a detour of an odd mile or so, they could make the acquaintance of "von niche Deutchman and his frow," whose intimate acquaintance with the language of the "faderland," they considered a happy event, enabling them to take their primary lessons in low Dutch, under the guidance of a native master. For the benefits, however, the visitors expected to receive, truth compels me to assert, if my informant spoke truly, that they made an ungrateful return. They should have borne in mind that their host and hostess, true to their national proclivities, swore by Rhine wine and lager beer; and bearing this fact in mind, it would have deterred them from so unduly pressing the juice of the corn. Still worse, I believe the gallant Teuton was allowed to travel over many weary acres, cutting cross lots to a wayside tavern where the "spiritual liquid" was supplied. Mrs. Johnson, however, asserts that the "host" amply repaid himself for the trouble, by the length and depth of his draught. His mouth, perhaps, was neither so wide nor so deep as a lake, but would have made a pleasant sized mill-pond. I fear the above is uncharitable, and, still worse, smacks somewhat of exaggeration, for well knoweth I that, when Mrs. J. and that New Dominionite are around, cunning indeed must be the fox that stealeth their grapes. There must also have been many sharers in the flowing bowl, or how comes it that even the waggon got upset, and things in general became somewhat mixed; so much so, that upon returning to Owen Sound, it required much study upon the part of the two adventurers to decide whether or no they had taken an order in Meaford. Alas for frail humanity. Take the advice given by poor Artemus, "be virtuous;" then wilt thou live long and die happy.



This same Owen Sound seems to have a very demoralizing influence on Commercial Travellers; scarce a season passes but some contretemps takes place, and becomes a nine days' wonder for the villagers. I advise all guerillas to put in the peg when entering its suburbs, and never take the same out again till they depart. It is but a very short time since a party of commercials, having met together at this place, decided upon a fishing excursion; the names of all I know not, but two of the number I claim an intimate acquaintance with, and speaking from personal experience, I should be very loth to consider them good fishermen, their business being respectively dry goods and boots and shoes, which has rather unfitted them for any proficiency as disciples of Isaac Walton. As purveyors to the commissariat department, on such an expedition, they would doubtless give satisfaction; at least, of one thing I am assured, there would be no lack of liquids, however curtailed the supply might be in other respects. It was, I presume, the plentiful supply of the spiritual extracts on this fishing excursion that caused such poor success to the fishers. Spring trout are not, that I am aware of, easily attracted by circus performances. In this last line of business, I am assured there were several amateurs who indulged in ground and lofty tumbling, more of the former than the latter, also balancing feats illustrated by attempting to walk the breadth of the river on a fallen tree trunk, the same was over eighteen inches in width, and might be considered safe, but the slight mistake of carrying the extra weight in the head instead of in the shape of a balancing pole, ruined the prospects of success, and turned what should have been an "*a la*" tight rope performance into a diving match.

I was informed that several very effectual attempts were made by the performers to ascertain the composite qualities of the bed of the river, and most remarkable for its contradictory evidence against the truth of the theory of our geologists, who in this particular region assert the prevalence of lime-stone, one of the divers fetched up a bottle of old rye and another of brandy. The only plausible way I can see of accounting for their appearance where they were found is that suckers are gradually driving away every other fish, and their appetites are notoriously viti-

ated. Let us hope that the performers before mentioned will practice a little more before giving any public entertainment; or rather, I advise thee, Bob, to stick to the shoes, and you, Jack, endeavour to forget the evil influence of No. 72, then may thy days be long in the land, barring accidents.

What a misfortune for a man to be afflicted with, a sign that proclaims him a drinkist, when no drinkist is he. Dan, it is unfortunate. What though but a solitary glass of rye tickled thy palate the live long day, yet would thy proboscis swear it was twenty times the single number; judge then how rejoiced I was to hear that thou, also, had purchased a character. I felt relieved, for surely upon the strength of lemon syrup and ginger wine thy nose will bear no malice against thee, neither will it as of yore insinuate that a guerilla sucks strong drink; rather does he turn his lips from the wine cup when 'tis red, and always sober goes to his bed. Excuse the poetry; rhyme was not intended, but truth will proclaim itself. Dan, I rejoice to hear that you have thrown up hoop skirts; no, not exactly so equivocal a remark as that, but plainly speaking, am pleased to hear that you have made a favourable change, and bid good bye to the crinoline trade.

Take the advice of an old friend, and be more careful of your samples, such carelessness must entail a serious pecuniary loss; folks do say that your charity was unbounded, and that you were ever anxious to bestow a sample for the purpose of introducing a new style. You are yearly growing no younger; improve the present, and lay a good foundation for the future; by turning husband-man you would make a rare tiller of the soil, such an honest looking old yeoman.

Situate some few miles east of Toronto on the line of railroad is a thriving go-ahead town known doubtless to most of our readers. I have nothing important to communicate respecting this place, though the walls of the Commercial Hotel thereabouts, could they repeat the substance of some of the echoes that have travelled through its interior, would harass the minds of one or two stray "galoots." Jem for instance, felt considerably harassed over his last visit to this place. Well, I have merely mentioned the above town, as its name is that also of a patriarch among the tribe of guerillas, one who has swung

his satchel in every town in Canada, and if rumour speaketh correctly has sampled the spirits of nearly every hostelrie. As he himself asserts, he was christened in the highlands of Scotland, his godfather being a distiller of the world renowned mountain dew. Through patriotic motives, therefore, his standard drink in winter is hot Scotch, in the summer months Scotch pure. Without the artificial heat in him there is no change. Cocktails may be blended ever so scientifically; Old Rye and Malt pure may spread their fragrance around; ale of the most renowned brands may froth in his presence; and dry Sherry and crusted Port sparkle in the wine glass, Scotia's national beverage is his first love and only one. The uninitiated and vulgar drinker may proclaim there is no science in drinking a glass of liquor; that one swig, a steady swig, and a swig altogether will empty alike the largest tumbler as well as the miniature wine-glass. Agreed that such is the case, there is no enjoyment in any such quaffing. To thoroughly appreciate the science of the thing, you should see the subject of these remarks. When elevating the flowing bowl, the lips but touch; the same received into the mouth in limited quantities, the enjoyment of the subject is protracted, and the fragrant aroma of the spirit lingers around the palate, after the contents of the tumbler are ranked among the things that were. One peculiarity of this veteran guerilla, is his fondness for strictly private and confidential conversations. You rarely meet him but he gently insinuates his finger into your button-hole, leads you to a retired corner, and commences a conversation, in his estimation of the most important character, and which must be kept religiously secret. A good story of this guerilla's eccentricity was lately told me. Having captured an acquaintance, he set to work in the usual manner, getting a good hold of the button-hole, and having worked him into a secluded spot, he forthwith commenced. Unfortunately, however, for a due appreciation of the intelligence thus to be imparted, his listener had a pressing engagement to attend to. Having made several ineffectual attempts to break away, he at last succeeded in loosing the speaker's fingers, and slipp'd quietly off. Some forty minutes later, returning by the same way, he was astonished to behold the talker still standing in the same place, and earnestly gesticulating to the empty air. Walking forward he was just in time to hear the fol-

lowing: "I told you, Sprout, 'twould turn out so; most remarkable case; but after the explanation I have given you, I should judge you see it perfectly clear—the response was certainly as clear as mud. It was quite evident by the foregoing, that he was perfectly unconscious of S. having been absent during any portion of the conversation. One would judge that our friend, whose name is the same as that eastern town, must be an absent-minded man. Query.—Does he ever forget he is a married man? I wonder. His memories of the road for the last fifteen years would fill a volume. The men who first sampled it with him, have nearly all passed away; some to other occupations, others to that bourn from which no traveller returns, the failure of others, who, gifted with great abilities and large acquaintanceship, bid fair to make their mark, suggests to the mind the reason of their misfortune. Unfortunately, the answer is applicable to the majority of such, a too frequent use of strong drinks. My memory reverts to several who, with every opportunity, failed to achieve anything. The powerful influence of their vitiated appetites destroyed their business energy, and lost them both the confidence of their customers and the firms they travelled for till now; broken down in constitution and business reputation, they present, to young beginners, a striking example of the evil effects of too strong an indulgence of spirituous liquors, and presents convincing evidence how necessary it is if a man desires not alone to earn, but to retain the respect of his fellows, to lay the foundation of such regard by proving to the world that he properly respects himself. The man who acts thus, showing due attention to his business, never neglecting the same, but ever around in business hours, ready to push the interests of his firm and make a sale, is the man who succeeds. Men of more brilliant qualities, but lacking his energetic perseverance, will fail where he succeeds. Such is the experience of one, who, for many years, has been a commercial traveller in Canada.

The brotherhood of commercial travellers count among its members a rare collection of diversified talent. Tragedy and high and low comedy have their representatives, while many talented musicians can be found in the ranks. But the "singist" of the tribe,

*par excellence*, is Tom—sometimes called “Long Tom.” He is a genuine six feet of melody. His presence at the festive board, if he feels in the humor, is a rare treat. Some uncharitable critics assert that an introduction of spiritual essence is necessary to fetch out the harmony of the instrument to perfection. With this peculiarity I am unacquainted, but I do know that he can awake echoes of most beautiful sound. His collection of songs is a large and valuable one. He can roam through the whole range of popular melodies, sentimental and comic. His knowledge of Mrs. Johnson, and thorough acquaintance with the peculiarities of the male specimen of that name, enables him to do ample justice to his tangle-webbed utterances. Of a hot summer night, to hear him chant “The man that couldn’t get warm,” is equal in its effects to a fifty cent dose of ice cream, and far more beneficial to the system, while his “Billy Barlow” is a big thing on *aqueous soliditum* (classics for ice).

One dark, rainy night, in the month of December, a party of four “guerillas,” who shall be nameless, each driving his own team, were splashing through mud and mire on the road between Arthur and Mount Forest. The inclemency of the weather was a sufficient excuse for the speed with which the party were hurrying onwards, independent of visions of a good hot supper and cosy rooms at friend Wilson’s. Nothing unusual occurred till they arrived at the toll-gate near their destination, and through which the first team dashed at full speed, the other three following suit. Arrived at Wilson’s, the travellers had barely entered the house before an irate six-and-a-half foot Scotchman, bare-headed; dripping wet, mud-be-splattered, and panting for want of breath, burst into their midst, and, after many spluttering and half-choked articulations, made them to understand that he was the boss of the toll-gate, whose interests the party had scornfully ignored. Apologies for the inadvertence, through not seeing the gate in question, owing to the darkness of the night, were of no avail, and offers to pay the charge, with a liberal addition, failed to soothe his excited feelings. A Chevy Chase of three miles, at break-neck pace, over such a road, all to uphold the majesty of the law, was not thus easy to be atoned for. Dread threats of magisterial interference, with its accompanying fines, which require cash settlement, were levelled at the

delinquents, who coolly, calmly and serenely looked upon this effervescing bottle of wrath with compassion for the probable damage to his constitution. Their unconcern acted like oil to the flame, and sent him on another two-forty race to the nearest Justice of the Peace; but, unfortunately for the success of his intentions, he had neglected to procure the names of the offenders, which necessity for the filling out of a warrant he had quite overlooked. Upon his return to the hotel, the toll-gate defaulters advised him to partake of a little hot Scotch to kill the bad effects of his shower-bath, and handsomely offered to pay for the same. The proposal was too much for the weak nerves of the Highlander. The weak spot in his carcass was a liking for Jamieson's spirit, and brewed as it was for him on this occasion, its soothing influence calmed his ruffled temper, and put him in a state of brotherly love with all around. Without any apparent effect upon this sturdy Sandy, glass after glass went rolling downward, and till the baker's dozen had chased its fellows, he appeared unbendable; but the magic one over twelve was the extra straw that broke the camel's back. They left him where he wilted, extended where his manhood fell, considerably laid upon the soft side of a buffalo robe, for all acknowledged he took his tippie well. Thus ended the toll-keeper's raid upon a company of "guerillas." He is not the only one who has admitted the sharpness of their tactics. That unreliable individual, the oldest inhabitant of Mount Forest, is ever ready to tell the foregoing events, though in his hands a considerable addition is made, making it to appear that on their departure for Guelph, two more sons of the land of Bobbie Burns, one flourishing bagpipes, the other a decrepid violin, were taken along, and that the residents along that much-travelled highway remember well, one winter night, strange sounds were floating in the air, dogs bark up the echo, cats joined in the refrain, and cocks crowed appreciation of the midnight melody, till the quadruple combination filled the country with sounds of music, before whose originality quincuplexal troupes and Ethiopian serenaders fade into insignificant comparison.

There is one class of individuals who should never undertake the duties of a "guerilla." I allude to the small gents whose highest ambition is to sport immaculate patent leathers, and in a dawling sentimental twang call for "dwyshewwy," engaged as raiders

they are but wasting their fragrance on the desert air; if they could all travel in the perfumery line, vending such powerful odors as night-blooming cereus, etc., they doubtless, through the liberal application to their own persons of the contents of their specimen bottles, would be able to show up to good advantage their sample, but outside of this genteel Frenchy line of trade, I know of none suited to their delicate nerves. As grocers, quoting the price of codfish, the idea is monstrous. Their opinion of that popular article of consumption can be gleaned from the following conversation that took place in the office of the Albion Hotel, Montreal. Two of *these kind*, got up regardless of expense, were engaged in earnest confab one with the other. The remark was incidentally made that Mr. S. of St. M.'s had been in the city and dined with the speaker at the Terrapin a few days back, and he was horrified to hear S. order codfish to commence his meal, to which astounding piece of news, the second exquisite responded *thrustily*: "Eat codfish to his dinnah, did you say. Did he *d-i-c*?" The response being in the negative, evidently surprised the "lavender-water" youth, so young, but not so very fair. Neither do I think the hardware, dry goods, or clothing business would suit them; but hold! is there nothing in the tailoring line they could represent. Travelling for instance, for a merchant tailor: this might do. The old quotation runs "that it takes nine knights of the needle to make one man;" and well we know that nine such specimens of humanity as these swells, are not more than equivalent to one able-bodied, sound, sensible biped. Therefore, for this they might be found suitable; might succeed in doing one-ninth of an ordinary man's duty. Then would they be satisfactory specimens of the historical paragraph quoted above.

This chapter should, by some device of the printer's art, be rendered more conspicuous than any other in this book; it is a notice of that contemptible off-shoot of humanity, "The Sneak." There are, for harmony sake, too many of them calling themselves commercial travellers, creeping through the world, neglecting their own to look after other people's business. They hesitate not to manufacture slander when they cannot honestly find just cause for complaint; are ever ready to deceive a friend and back-bite

their acquaintances; lie for the very love of lying; delight in sowing the seeds of discord; and gloat over the quarrels they have been instrumental in fomenting. Their very presence makes one feel uncomfortable, like the near approach of a poisonous reptile. They are a very serpent in the tortuous windings of their course; fickle and unreliable as the wind that blows; they believe not in the sincerity of friendship, and only use it as a mask to entrap and deceive. There are several such "carrion" whose names rise up in my memory, whose mean, sneaking acts have, in many instances, done much injury. The fingers itch to guide the pen to write their names that all might know them, and knowing, appreciate them. At their proper worth their name and occupation should be heralded from one end of the Dominion to the other, so that parties previously ignorant of their character might pass them by with silent contempt. A fair sample of their style of doing things is the following:

A party of three travellers met together in the town of Bowmanville. After the day's business was over, they adjourned to the parlour of the hotel, and indulged in a song and social glass. Soon a fourth individual (our "sneak") made his appearance, joins the company, and, at their expense, puts in a jolly time, for it is an admitted fact that "sneaks" are what is generally termed "D. B.'s," in plain language, "dead beats," or "spongers." Not one week had passed by, after the night in question, before it was reported around in Toronto, in business circles, that these three "guerillas" had been on a drunken spree in Bowmanville, and neglectful of their duties. After a careful sifting of the report, its authorship was traced to the individual who made number four of the company. Had it not been for this fact, it is probable that more than one of the party would have lost their situations. But the despicable, mean conduct of the man who, after partaking of another's hospitality, would turn round and endeavor to do him an injury, completely disgusted those interested; more especially when it was proven that the informer was the only one of the party, *non compus mentis*, rendering it necessary to carry him.

Equally mean was the act of him who, a short time since, made



report to a wholesale dry goods firm in the eastern city, that their traveller, while under the influence of liquor, had undertaken to drive a pair of spirited horses from St. Johns to London; the consequence being a runaway and general smash up. The informer, in this case also, was well aware of the falsity of his charge, having himself heard from parties who were present, that some portion of the harness had given way, which caused the disaster. I would strongly advise, as a remedy against this state of things, the practice of giving the "go-by" to such gentry whenever met. Recognize them no where; refuse to share their company whenever practicable, and post their names among every traveller on the road. By this means they will soon be got rid of. In no other way is it so easily accomplished.

Municipal corporations are taunted with having no souls. Probably this want, or a lack of common sense, tempted the Toronto authorities to pass that celebrated by-law respecting petty chapmen, forbidding them to sell from samples within the city limits, without first donating to the city treasury the sum of \$100 for a license. I scarcely think the wiseacres of that model council acted upon the suggestion of their own wholesale merchants, for I am loth to believe the latter have so little enterprise in the way of gaining business, that they desire such devices to be adopted for the purpose of driving out honorable competition. I would rather believe that this brilliant specimen of law-making was the offspring of some one of the numerous bunglers that have rendered that same corporation a reproach to the city, even were it enacted for the purpose of bringing the spoil to a somewhat empty treasury. It has, in this, proved to be a complete failure. There are just as many goods sold from samples, at the present time, in Toronto, as before the new order of things; and, judging from the council reports, there has not been a single license applied for. One buncome alderman, who has, in the city hall, talked often in favor of enforcing the bye-law, has himself encouraged the breaking of the same a score of times. The very same day that he brought up his last motion in connexion with this affair, he had bought over one thousand dollars worth of goods from a Montreal commercial himself, requesting the samples to be brought round to his

place of business. Oh! consistency, thou art a jewel! The wholesale dealers of Toronto, out of respect to their own energy and business skill, should at once petition their council to strike such an absurd law from their books. Its existence serves but to raise the laugh, and at the same time lead outsiders to believe that it is an idea started by her merchants to crowd out traders from other parts. If Toronto houses cannot gain a fair share of the wholesale trade through their own energy, it is impossible for them to accomplish it by any such transparent clap-trap as this act respecting petty chapmen.

Travellers and tourists who, every season, start out on a journey of exploration, whose only aim is enjoyment, take our advice and for one summer, give the "go by" to Saratoga, Niagara Falls, and White Mountains. True that the majority of the sons and daughters of fashion flock hitherwards; but with them the great consideration is to go where fashion leads the way. If some autocrat in their especial circle were to inaugurate a summer trip to the new Russo-American possessions, he would soon have a horde of followers who would do the same for fashion sake. Americans delight in rushing off to Europe, going over the old beaten tracks of continental travel, and spending large sums of money to view natural scenery that is far excelled in their own country. I do not intend, however, to set myself up as a champion to defend the superior attractions of American travel; but I do desire to draw the especial attention of those who delight in viewing the beauties of nature, to the many sights and scenes to be viewed in Canada, that will amply repay the cost of seeing them. The trip down the St. Lawrence and through the Thousand Islands is one so well known that I shall not linger upon its many attractive beauties, but pass on to others less known to the fashionable throng of visitors. The route per steamer from Collingwood, the northern terminus of the Northern Railroad, to Sault St. Marie and the Bruce Mines, is yearly becoming more appreciated. It presents to the lover of natural scenery, attractions not excelled on the American continent; lofty mountains rear their crest skyward, clothed to the summit with a dense forest of pine. On every side we behold those vast natural upheavals. Some assuming the most grotesque and

fanciful forms; the sides of many honey-combed with caves from the size of one's body, up to the vast subterranean chamber, spacious enough to accommodate a thousand visitors. Rivulets of water, of icy coldness, bubble at one's feet; and as the flash of the guide's lam reveals the walls of this subterranean abode, the eye is dazzled by the myriads of gem-like corruscations upon its surface: every drop of water has the appearance of a diamond star, glittering in prismatic splendour, and adorning the rough, rocky walls around as never man's hand could adorn. But the man of science looks on with other thoughts than appreciation of these beauties. In the broken lumps of rock scattered about we note nothing worthy of observation; but to him they present substantial proof, strong as holy writ, of the vast mineral wealth that lies buried in the bowels of these mountains around this northern coast. An integral portion of the Dominion is buried treasures, so vast that the pigmy mind of man hesitates to grasp the immensity of the calculation—iron sufficient to gird the earth with a thousand railroads, and build a navy of vessels whose masts would cover the seas like a forest; gold, silver and copper, whose value would purchase a dozen kingdoms, and the mining of which would give lucrative employment to thousands of the hardy sons of toil. The opening up of this vast solitude to Anglo-Saxon energy and skill would start our country on a new and rapid road to national greatness and prosperity. Here, as far as the eye can reach should resound the shriek of the steam whistle and the cheerful notes of man's labour: instead, we behold a wide waste, whose surface is seldom trodden by the white man's feet, and whose merits only are appreciated by the roaming Indian, who finds in these dense coverts a plenitude of the game he seeks. The ignorant neglect of all these mines of wealth, the worse than stupid folly of those in power who refuse to move in this matter, and the dog-in-the-manger style that will neither use nor allow to partake, is only a sample of that imbecile government the fruits of whose former policy is now, and will be for a score of years to come, apparent in the slow progress we are, as a people, making. After this digression we will proceed to a further *resume* of the many other natural beauties deserving our admiration. Scattered over the bright blue waters of Lake Superior, near to the

Canadian shore, one sees innumerable little islands covered with dense foliage—green, emerald spots on the water; some just large enough to give footing to the explorer, while others cover many acres of ground. These islands for the most part are covered with wild raspberry bushes, and when we viewed them in the month of August, were red with the delicious fruit they bear. An enterprising Yankee, like most of his countrymen, ever ready for a good "spec.," some few years ago established a factory in the neighborhood for the manufacture of preserves and native wines, engaging for the first season a large number of Indian women and girls to gather the berries, and assist in the preparation for canning, &c. His enterprise has proved a complete success, and from the immense quantities of fruit at his disposal, the first cost of which is a mere trifle, he has been able to place his goods upon the market fully ten per cent. less than the usual wholesale rates. Thanking the jovial proprietor for his kindness, expressed in the shape of saucers of delicious raspberries smothered in cream and sugar, we navigate onward to feast our eyes on the grand scenery spread out before us. Now, at the calm hour of sun-set everything is bathed in a flood of splendour, the rays of the departing sun tips the tree tops with a living beauty, and falling askance, the open space of waters, marks its course with a broad belt of glittering brightness; the light green of the maple and oak, shaded by a back-ground of sombre pine, stands out in bold relief on the horizon. Everything is quiet and peaceful, a haven of rest to woo the world-weary to contented repose; no discordant sound jars upon the ears; no unmusical echo disturbs the harmony of the whole. The gentle murmur of the waves, as they wash upon the pebbled shore, seem to sing a soothing lullaby to the mind. Stretched upon the green sward, one's thoughts revert to the busy world of strife left behind, and, by the contrast, doubly appreciate the serene quiet of the present. He who a week before jostled his neighbour in the strife for worldly gain, whose whole thoughts, by day and night, were bent upon accumulation of this world's dross, to whose ears the pleasantest sounds were the rise of certain stocks and the fall of others. This intensely worldly-minded speculator, in such a spot as this, and such surroundings, looking on the past with all

its selfish memories, then reverting to the present with the teachings it conveys to his mind, feels himself a wiser and a better man. The lesson may be but an evanescent one, to disappear from the mind upon again resuming contact with the busy mart, but ever and anon in the hours of reflection, thoughts of this pleasant summer ramble will come back, and the heart, world-sick and weary, will pant for some such haven of rest. Myrmidons of fashion may praise the glories of the watering places, and grow eloquent over the beauties of the crowded sea-beach by moonlight. They are welcome to their choice. Rather give me the as yet untrodden paths of travel—give me in preference to the fashionable hotel garden, laid out with Dutch precision, the wild woods whose echo is symbolical of freedom. I like elbow-room. I remember once when admiring an old ruined castle in England, around whose moat many a bloody fray had taken place during the Wars of the Roses, my ears were painfully tingled by hearing a matter-of-fact individual at my side expressing his belief that the purchase of the surrounding fields, and their conversion into brick yards, would be a capital paying investment. I want no such company in such places. In rambling through the vast forests that fringe the shores of Lake Superior, whose only living inhabitants are the wild game that as yet are undisturbed by the crack of the huntsman's rifle—while viewing the giant monarchs of the forests, whose mammoth trunks bear the wrinkles of centuries—I want no carping, pound-shilling-and-pence companion speculating on their probable value at the nearest saw mill. Intensely did we enjoy this trip of ours on Lake Superior, and knowing by personal experience the efficacy of the same, we can conscientiously advise all who want bracy air to sharpen the appetite and give renewed vigour to the system, to try for their summer trip the Lake Superior route.

When on this trip of which we have written, we took along our own sail boat, and left the steamer at Bruce Mines. By this plan we had our freedom; going where we liked, when we liked, and stopping as long as suited our convenience, but if you desire to patronize the regular steamer from Collingwood, you will find Captain McIntosh and subordinate officers accommodating and

anxious to do all in their power for the amusement of their guests, giving ample time for inspection of Bruce and Wellington Mines, Sault St. Marie, and several other ports on the route. The bill of fare provided on board is both plentiful and well cooked, a desideratum not even enjoyed in some of our first class hotels.

A very pleasant time can be enjoyed in summer on some of our Canadian back lakes. Their beauties are little known even to the vast majority of our own people, much less to outsiders. If one desires to separate himself for a short time from the noisy world, enjoy cool, bracing breezes, and diet on the most delicious fish, let him follow us on our present route. Leaving Toronto by the Grand Trunk East, we change at Port Hope to the Peterboro' Railway, which town is the terminus of the road; from here we proceed by stage to Chemong Lake—not being of India-rubber composition or provided with hair cushions, we did not enjoy this land transport system, the jolting and jumping process when seated on nothing more springy than a soft pine board, may be an excellent preventative to indigestion, but upon an empty stomach, as was the case with us, 'twas the very reverse of agreeable, and made us heartily glad to arrive at the end of our journey. Our stopping place, for the time being, was a genuine back country tavern, with the usual accompaniment of loafing on-lookers. It would have required a much more discriminating eye than ours to select, by any superiority of appearance, the model landlord of this model hostelry. For the accommodation of man and beast, to the latter they may be able to give satisfaction and suitable quarters, but from personal experience, we emphatically protest against their care of the former. Oh! for a thousand missionary Soyers, to travel through the length and breadth of the land, and proclaim aloud the benefits of decent cookery. Could his eye have rested on the collection of eatables spread before us, his bowels would have yearned with compassion, and his mind would have speedily decided that our bowels would, if we partook thereof, do something more emphatic than yearning. Pork! pork! universal pork! thy fragrance seems to linger around the dining-room of every country tavern. Thou art the standing dish of welcome for every guest. Prepared fittingly, with an accompaniment of fresh eggs, an occa-

sional indulgence is satisfactory ; but the cooks of the wilderness understand not the science of frying or broiling. Looking upon this dish of floating fat, with here and there a black lump of chunky pork, cooked to a cinder, the stomach that can undergo the contemplation unmoved, must be staunch as an iron-plate boiler, copper rivetted. Thoughts of that good old song, Bacon and Greens, came to my mind, and, in this hour of savage humour, I even wished the author of said lines present, condemned to board here for a month, endure the daily regimen, and also drink their vile apology for Young Hyson. If, after such affliction, he should write another song on bacon, I doubt not 'twould be with a worse than Jewish aversion to the flesh of the swine. Somebody has said, uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. We know not of any great crime our own crown has been guilty of that we should have lain so uneasy on that night of our sojourn on the banks of the Chemong Lake. We did not recline on feathers or down. Far from it. Neither did we stretch our weary limbs on sweet-smelling straw—that article was fetching, too good a price in the market to be used for any such unnecessary luxury—instead, our mattress was stuffed with corn-leaves, as our landlady remarked, when showing us to bed, warranted not to harbor any vermin. We believe every word of it. If one's body was moved ever so fractional a part of an inch, the rustling sound that proceeded from this novel stuffing would have awoken the Seven Sleepers, much less frighten away any raiding fleas or bugs. Not being posted on this peculiarity, the first lurch we made when stretched between the blankets (I abhor wet sheets) made me imagine that we were in a forest, and listening to the wind blowing through the trees ; the second move, and if we were not piously inclined, we would have sworn there was a raging storm without. It is a peculiar sound, not exactly a rustling noise, but resembles more, both to the ear and the nerves, the peculiar feeling that accompanies the scratching of stiff brown paper with the finger nails, electrifying the body like a miniature ague shock. This room and corn-stuff'd bed being the only accommodation for travellers, some of the party were compelled to bunk in the attic—that fact they will not soon forget—it was with them before morning a bug-stained floor and a blood marked wall. The sacrifice of insect life was immense. The piled up carcasses of the

slain attested the vigilant night watch of the unfortunate. One member presented a most peculiar appearance in the morning: eyes almost closed and one ear double the size of the other, the nose graced with a protuberance, which made it doubtful for one to decide whether it was attached to the man or the man to the nose; this same bitten, swollen-up, specimen of tender manhood is, when at home, a moral and peaceable citizen. I fear, could his minister or townspeople have seen him this eventful morning, they would have taken it for granted that he had been developing the science of muscular christianity, and had the hardest part of the lesson committed to him. But soon these mishaps of the night were forgotten in the busy preparation for starting. We had decided to take our own boat along, furnished with tent and camp equipage, etc., enabling us to settle wherever agreeable, and suit our own hours of departure and arrival. This way of travelling, if you have the time to spare, is decidedly preferable to any other, enabling one at places of interest to linger at their pleasure, and *vice versa*. Chemong is only the first of a chain of small inland seas, almost a score in number—but the largest and most important of which are Pigeon, Mouse and Gull lakes. Our first stopping place prior to our return, was the Village of Bobcaygeon, a place in the very heart of the lumbering district, the sites of several very large saw mills, and crowded at the time of our visit by hundreds of sturdy raftsmen. After leaving this classic named region, we hoist sail and bear forward on our journey. The breeze was sufficient to keep us moving about five miles per hour; one man managed the helm and watched the sail; the balance amused themselves according to their inclination. One lay stretched at ease reading a sentimental effusion of Tennyson; another, fowling piece in hand, kept a wary look-out for game that came not, and if it had come, would have received no injury. Truth necessitates us saying that our sporting friend was no shot. A good sized flock of sixty feet barns he might succeed in hitting, but amid a flock of wild duck, were an unfortunate bird to be killed by the discharge of his gun, I should decide the same to be a premeditated suicide—the bird must have deliberately flown in front of the leaden shower; to account for the result in any other way would be simply impossible. At five p.m. we landed at Indian Cove, and at once set to



work to prepare our camp ; in thirty minutes time we had our water-proof tent up and all taut. Two out of the six of our party were then despatched to collect the firewood, two more to catch fish, and the other two prepare to get ready the supper ; your humble servant was for this night elected chief cook and bottle-washer, which honorable position he did his best to fill satisfactorily. In proof of which he presents the following bill-of-fare : coffee and tea, fried maskenonge, with *entree* of grilled ham. My sporting friend not being successful in securing game, and my reverence for the laws made and provided for their protection, prevents my adding baked duck, &c. Never was meal taken with heartier relish, than by six rovers that night on India Cove. Each and all ate their fill, allowing no dread of dyspepsia to curtail the supply. After we had lost our appetites, pipes and tobacco were brought into requisition, and, aided by song, jest, and story, the hours flew rapidly by till bunking time. Lying on buffalo robes covered with our blankets, never individuals slept sounder. At five in the morning we took a plunge into the lake, and emerged therefrom feeling as strong as Hercules. One hour's practice with the rods provided us fish enough for a dozen ordinary mouths ; but I must not omit to add, when breakfast was over the remnants would have been a very unsatisfactory supply for the other six. At nine a. m. we hoisted sail and made for a place called "Hunters' Glen," fifteen miles to the north of us, which derives its name from being a favorite camping-ground of the deer hunters. We found the same to be an extensive gorge two miles in length, by about a quarter of a mile in width, shut in by high banks and clothed with a dense luxurious foliage. The dark, sombre seclusion of the place was anything but inviting, appearing the least desirable place possible for a camping-ground. A very short stay satisfied our curiosity, when we again "up helm" and started for Pigeon Island, where we decided to pass the second night of our excursion. This island is in size equal to about five acres, covered with a beautiful velvety turf, and well supplied with wild fruit. The view from the place of our encampment at sunset was glorious ; hill and valley, forest and lake were lit up with a magic glow ; the sombre color of the water near to the shadowed

banks, served but to make more beautiful the broad, open space, whose surface reflected the bright rays of the departing sun. Occasionally a whirring sound overhead announced the homeward flight of various waterfowl; and as the darkening shadows crept apace, the mournful wail of the whippoorwill echoed through the arches of the neighboring forest. Anon, even this indefatigable serenader ceased to pipe his solemn notes. Everything animate was hushed and still. Standing here upon the shore, we felt almost oppressed with the sense of solitude. None cared to speak. The echo of the voice sounded strangely discordant, and at variance with the melodious stillness. Laid down to rest. The intense quiet acted like an opiate upon the nerves, and woo'd the senses to forgetfulness. Rising early in the morning, we took boat and sailed for the shore, some three hundred yards distant, and climbed to the top of what is known to the voyager in these parts as "Eagle Mountain." The arduous labor necessary to gain its summit was speedily forgotten in admiring the view obtained from our lofty elevation. Away in the east a piled up mass of golden fringed clouds announced the advent of the god of day, and as he rose in majestic splendour, reflecting on the earth below the brightness of his presence, the sight was grandly impressive. Every bush and tree laden with dew-drops, presented a vision, to describe which, baffles the imagination and bows the heart in solemn adoration before the power of Him who started the sun on his daily round of duty. Away on the topmost branch of a giant pine, a feathered songster, fresh from his dewy couch, pipes out his pæan of praise. Soon this warbling melody is caught up and echoed by a thousand companions, whose joyous chorus reverberates through hill and dale, till the very air seemed to vibrate with the melody. Standing here breathing such an atmosphere of purity alone, far distant from worldly contamination, the soul of man, in fullness, admits the glory of his creator. In the presence, as it were, of the Almighty, is impressed with the insignificance of mortality. Here is the place for the scoffer and atheist. Here the spot and this the hour for them to stand; and if the mantle of egotism that enshrouds their mind is not impervious to light, they will reverently bow the knee and acknowledge there is a God. Here, in the pre-

sence of such a scene; the teachings of Voltaire and Payne sound as rankest idiotic blasphemy; and as our thoughts revert to the mental agony of their last earthly hours, the mind wonders how for so long a time such giant intellects could grope in darkness. As this bursting light heralds to the world at large the commencement of another day, so to these two unbelievers the approach of another day—the day of judgment—illumined with a blaze of light their sin-encrusted souls, and made them call aloud on that God for mercy, whose existence they had denied.

Having alike visited the fashionable summer resorts, and these haunts of the wilderness, the taste that would thereafter prefer the former to the latter, must be that of a hackneyed follower of the world and a slave to its opinion. The freedom of the one contrasts strongly against the slavishness of the other. Patent leathers and unmentionables of the latest style are not here necessary; in fact the very reverse of desirable. Enamelled paper, or stiff-starched Piccadillys entirely superfluous, while the coat moulded to the form, *a la* Finch, would be about as appropriate as a straight-jacket. Instead of all these trappings of fashion, provide yourself with a free and easy rig of the strong and durable kind; encase your feet in thick-soled boots, and, armed with a stout walking-stick, you are ready for anything and everything. The ten days spent on these back lakes, were days never to be forgotten. In that short time we laid in a supply of pure fresh air, and imparted to the system a refreshing vigour that seemed to give us a new lease of life, and a keener enjoyment of the world's pleasures.

Those who go down to the sea in ships putteth their lives in jeopardy—so says an ancient authority. If said referee had lived in our times he could make an addition to the Proverb: He who travelleth on land by some of our railways putteth his life still further in jeopardy. Cool and determined must be the man who can contemplate unmoved a journey from Toronto to Montreal. I will not say Quebec—I would not prolong the agony. Hast ever ridden over a corduroy road, seated on a hard board, in a waggon without any springs, thy sufferings alleviated somewhat, perchance, by the reflection that you were exhibiting a large amount of pluck, and proving to onlookers that there was no artificiality about your

teeth? If you have experienced that delightful recreation for rheumatic limbs, your training will stand you in good need for winter journeying by rail in Canada. The former is rather severe on the constitution; the latter is the quintessence of physical discomfort. The express trains, called such by courtesy, are warranted very accommodating, I mean for outsiders who live along the line of route. These trains, especially in winter time, object to run by many farms without stopping to give passengers an opportunity of enquiring the price of hay, oats, &c. Canada is called a wooden country, leaving the stranger to infer that cordwood is plentiful and prices low. If one may judge from the miserly manner in which it is handled on some lines, they would pronounce contrary to the probability of its being plentiful and cheap. The stoves in the passenger cars are as often fireless as otherwise; and I will guarantee that if a fire is started by one of the brakemen, the passengers, if they desire a continuation of the same, will have to form themselves into a committee on fire, and while they are in for it, water also, and personally attend to keeping the stove going and supplying the tanks with the necessary beverage. I advise no traveller who values his peace of mind to keep a diary of his daily proceedings, for if the same be truthfully kept, the end of the year will present such a formidable number of hours spent waiting for trains that should come at a certain time but never do, that his reflections will be anything but soothing to the feelings. A careful record of a three months winter trip on the G. T. R. between Montreal and Toronto, summed up as follows: Five trains about on time; the balance from one to nine hours late. Allowing the moderate average of two hours and a half to each train, which time was generally spent walking the platform of the station, I found on summing up the same that this model company had wasted me in eight weeks one hundred and fifty hours, or twelve and a half working days. I challenge any one to deny the correctness of these remarks; and commercial men out during the winter season on the same section will agree with me in stating that it is considerably under the usual thing. One can form a pretty good estimate of the usual speed from the following occurrence, which some uncharitable individual has circulated. A passenger, minus ticket, or money to pay for the

same, was ejected from the express at Whitby. Upon the train arriving at Toronto, thirty miles further west, the conductor was startled to see the would-be deadhead waiting on the platform, and anxious to know when his luggage was coming along. It is sufficiently annoying for the officers of the road to have their feelings harassed by passengers who pay for the privilege of grumbling; but when, as in this case, an individual travelling on the brassy composition of his face undertakes to find fault, the very patience of Job would scarcely be found proof against a rising temper. Who was it dared to assert that the wives and sweethearts of Grand Trunk officials were in the habit of coming down and bidding them a tearful farewell when they started on a trip? I do not believe any such affecting scenes occur. Of one fact I am assured: were all the sweethearts of one or two conductors I am acquainted with to arrive at one and the same time on such an errand, there would likely be hurrying times for somebody in the neighborhood of that station. Were the road itself, as a travelling medium, one-half as popular as its officials, the English shareholders would soon be singing with a rousing chorus, "There's a good time coming, boys, only wait a little longer."

Who dare assert that a certain Yank was excited when he jumped from his seat in a first-class carriage of an express train on this line, and boastingly offered to bet one hundred dollars to ten that it would be done? Conductor and fellow-passengers became alarmed for the man's sanity, but he soon satisfied their curiosity and set the occupants of the car in a roar of laughter by declaring that an old grey-headed grasshopper, taking for his track the rail fence, had at the last station, Oshawa, started on a race with their train, and was then a rail ahead; and again expressed his willingness, in the shape of one hundred to ten, to bet that he would beat them to the next station, Bowmanville. That man was a bettist of keen perception.

Since the Act of Confederation, and consequent inauguration of the New Dominion, a much more extensive field is open to the energy of commercial men. Looking back a quarter of a century in the history of our country, and noting the great and material progress we have made, it is not too much to expect, if the same

laudable, ambitious spirit animates us during the same coming period of time, that we will rank high among the nations. With our vast inland seas, complete system of railways, unbounded forests of valuable timber, mines of silver, gold, and the baser metals—in fact everything in our midst that tends to promote the commercial interest, we are certainly a favored people. A little too much red-tapeism in the official management of the country's affairs retards somewhat our progress. A backwardness in adjusting the necessary means to attract foreign emigration to our shores, annually loses us thousands of hardy pioneers, who, with love and reverence for the old flag, still, through want of encouragement from our government, are unwillingly compelled to transfer their allegiance to a foreign banner. Let us hope that a more enlightened policy will soon prevail; that increase of our population, the greatest boon for a new country, will soon receive the encouragement of Canadian statesmen. In this respect we might learn a valuable lesson from our neighbors over the line. The liberal land policy adopted by them has gained millions of money to the national treasury. Their wisdom and foresight have been rewarded by the settling of new states, clearing away of the wilderness, the building up of hundreds of new towns and cities, and a consequent rapid augmentation of the national wealth and importance—an increase and progress unparalleled in the history of the world. The example set by the United States is one we should strive to copy. A few of the many good plans adopted by them we certainly might take a lesson from. Our country presents to our energy every advantage, millions of acres of fertile lands awaiting the axe of the pioneer and the plough of the husbandman. Population is our great want, the great requirement of the country—more ready hands to swing the axe and guide the plough. With a plentiful supply of this prime necessity we shall go on and prosper.

I do not feel justified in bringing these notes to that welcome word "Finis" without saying something about Montreal, the commercial metropolis of the Dominion. One cannot speak in too strong terms of praise in favor of the energy and perseverance that has built up the city to its present size. Streets of noble buildings that would do credit to any city in Europe, attest the growing wealth of her merchants; while the many beautiful private resi-

dences in the suburbs are fitting homes of comfort for her merchant princes. Located on the northern shore of the River St. Lawrence, the natural advantages of the position are great, and aided by man's skill and a liberal outlay of money, the dock accommodation of Montreal is superior to anything on this continent, second only to those of Liverpool. In the season of navigation they are crowded with business, impressing the visitor with the magnitude of her commercial interests. Vessels of every nation and flag can be seen at her wharves, from the monster ocean steamship and three-masted clipper down to the antiquated shaped scow, looking as though carved out with a jackknife, and whose most lengthy voyage boasts not a more extended log record than cautious creepings round the coast. The city is studded with many churches of great architectural beauty. The largest, but by no means the most beautiful, is the French parish church, R. C., capable of holding 13,000 people.

There are also a number of business blocks that deserve more than a passing notice ; we have, therefore, further on, devoted a few pages to a brief mention of a few of the most noteworthy, also a description of one or two of the leading manufactories of Montreal.

No visitor should leave the city without taking a drive around the Mountain. It is, in the estimation of Montrealers, what the Common used to be in the opinion of Bostonians. Certainly they have every reason to be proud of the same. On a bright summer day the view from any part of the drive is magnificent. Seven hundred feet below is spread out a gorgeous panorama of living beauty. Well-stocked and highly cultivated farms attest the prosperity of the husbandman. Comfortable looking homesteads, nestling amid a luxuriant growth of foliage, dot the landscape. Here and there broad belts of forest shade the view, and form a fringe-work to the picture. In the distance, the majestic St. Lawrence flows onward on to the sea, spanned at this point by the Victoria Bridge, one of the greatest modern specimens of engineering skill. Beautiful private dwellings, faced with gardens laid out with great care, line the roadway, and add to the beauty of the landscape. The view from certain parts of the Mountain brings vividly to one's mind recollections of Castle Hill, and the view from its battlements, of the modern Athens and surrounding country.

Now for another picture of what I designate the peculiarities of Montreal : The original property holders of the city were evidently impressed with the value of every foot of mother earth on their island, therefore to get required space, they built upwards, and even denied the necessary width for street traffic. This contracted spirit of the ancients is now compelling their decendants to remove whole streets of buildings to enable them to widen the thoroughfares. I heard a preacher in Montreal say that the city was peopled by French Canadians, English, Scotch Irish, and a few stray Yanks. It is the first four of these four nationalities I desire to make mention of. There can be no doubt upon the mind of those who have ever seen and heard them, that they are very much Frenchy and very little anything else. They are great on pantomimical gesticulation, peculiarly expressive in all their actions. I like to give credit where the same is due ; therefore, it is with ready pleasure I admit the powerful strength of their lungs, and hesitate not to assert that their yelling capabilities would cast into the shade any ancient or modern animal of which I have any knowledge. Let a French Canadian carter espy a pedestrian crossing the street ahead of his approaching vehicle, it matters not if the distance between you be twenty or more yards, he at once sets up his unearthly shouting to scare you off the track, and if not espying any danger, in case you loiter leisurly, every sensitive nerve in your body will be set ajar with the horrid discordance of the sound. These same individuals are enthusiastic singers ; they practice that accomplishment the live-long day. It matters not, apparently, to the performer whether he has, or has not, any knowledge of music ; that trifling want—lack of harmony—disturbs not his equilibrium. Having committed to memory some mongrel trash, devoid of either sense or melody, they go about their daily work, bawling the same at the highest pitch of their voice. The favorite tune with them seems much to resemble that known to the Anglo-Saxon as the "Three black crows." If any difference exists, it is in favor of the superior liveliness of the English music. I cannot say much in favor of their tender mercy. I should rather pronounce them hard on horse flesh. If dexterity with the whip is to be gained by constant practice, they ought to put to blush any such performance as killing a fly from off the ear of



a leader. Montreal should be provided with a humane society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. I am not acquainted with any city where one is more urgently needed, to impress upon the owners of horseflesh the advisability of being liberal with short oats, and more saving of the long. It is somewhat consoling, as an offset to the amount of jargon the passenger has inflicted upon him, that he is not paying very heavy for the entertainment. If one is posted, hackriding can be indulged, in Montreal, at cheaper rates than in any other place of my acquaintance. One quarter-dollar will land you quite a respectable distance, while double the amount will give you the run of the place. Cabbies of other cities are not guilty of any such absurd liberality, they believe in doing a minimum amount of driving for a maximum of pay. Montreal cabbies, however, are notorious for the vice of swearing; they appear to the uninitiated to indulge in it in every language under the sun—High Dutch, Low Dutch, Mongrel French, broad Scotch, English, Jargon and Irish. Expletives are, in a general admixture, levelled at the head of the unfortunate individual who rouses their anger. It is not alone the tongue they use, the whole body seems to sympathise with the indignation of that useful member. I have often looked on with a feeling akin to terror, dreading every minute to see the performer sink down in a fit of apoplexy. If the municipal council of Montreal would follow the example set in many cities of Europe, and pass a by-law authorizing the police to arrest any man caught swearing on the public thoroughfares, such a law would be manna to the city treasury. If the fines were inflicted without fear or favor, the receipts therefrom would be one of their most considerable items of revenue. City magnates, make a note of this, and let the bright rays of your genius concentrate upon some such preventive to a nuisance that has become a standing disgrace to Montreal.

There are many business blocks and churches we would like to specially notice, but want of space prevents our indulging in what would be a pleasurable task. The following are all we can find room for; the manufacturing notices occupy considerable space; their importance demanding an extended description.

*Dominion Block*, on Magill street, is one of the noblest buildings in the commercial metropolis. It is divided into three wholesale stores, occupied respectively by James Donelly, Esq., dry goods; Walter McFarlane & Baird, manufacturers of clothing, and Moore, Semple & Halchette, grocers. The erection of the building was conjointly entered into by these three firms, at a cost of about \$90,000. It is five stories in height, and measures 85 feet from the foot-path to the top of the angle towers. The front is of Montreal stone, fashioned in the free Italian style of architecture. The two upper stories of the building are treated as one, with large fluted Corinthian columns, pedestals and entablatures, and deeply moulded arches connecting the same. The eave-cornice is of galvanized iron, enriched with carved medallion blocks and patterns. The two towers, one at each end, are covered with galvanized iron, scale pattern, and with large, handsome dormers on the several faces. A large centre dome, in three lights, with moulded cornice, and enriched consoles forms the centre of the front. The towers and roof are crowned with a handsome cresting of cast iron.

This magnificent building was erected from designs by Messrs. Thomas Bros., architects, of Montreal.

*Trinity Church*.—An imposing edifice in the early English style of Gothic architecture, built of Montreal stone. The spire is of wood, covered with galvanized iron, and, including the tower, is somewhat over 200 feet in height. The length of the church inside is 114 feet by 65 in width, and is capable of accommodating 2,500 persons. This is one of the finest churches in the city.

*Christ's Church Cathedral* is a grandly massive pile, of the mediæval Gothic style. The church is built of Normandy and Montreal limestone. The windows, of stained glass, are splendid imitations of old English masterpieces. The spire is some 230 feet in height, and is strikingly graceful in its proportions. The whole appearance of the building is grand, and of its style of architecture, unequalled in America.

*McLaren—Boots and Shoes*.—Giving due credit to the rapid progress made by the American people, and admitting the wondrous strides they have made within the last few years, I doubt

much if they can name one city in the Union that has made more onward progress in the same length of time, than the city of Montreal. Her warehouses and manufactories are models of architectural beauty; while her merchants are noted, the continent over, for their energy and business capacity. The pushing spirit of business is daily invading streets hitherto considered remote and private, till, driven from one section to another, the fugitives see no chance of delivery, unless they make haste for the suburbs. There are many business firms that deserve especial notice for the successful manner in which they have attained prominent positions in their line of trade. One of the foremost boot and shoe manufactories is that of Messrs. McLaren & Co. Their old premises on Lemoine street proving quite inadequate to their rapidly increasing trade, they have been compelled to invade even the sanctity of the house of prayer, and having taken possession of No. 18, St. Maurice street—a large building erected for church purposes—they hope by the much greater facilities now at their command, to be able to keep pace with the growing requirements of their increasing trade. The large addition built on to the rear of the former pile, gives them a depth of 150 feet by 45. Five floors each of this measurement are devoted to manufacturing purposes. Machinery of the newest design and most costly make; but which the practical experience of the two Messrs. McLarens, has proved essential to their wants, are here to be found; and where, but a short time since, words of holy meaning echoed to the walls, now can be heard the whirl of machinery and the busy hum of more than 100 voices—that being about the number of factory girls constantly employed by this large establishment. The reputation of their goods is second to none; while the business liberality of the firm is an acknowledged fact among eastern and western buyers. Possessed of a large capital, and the proprietors themselves boasting a thorough knowledge of every detail of the boot and shoe biz, there is little doubt that their successful and promising commencement is but a forerunner of after years of still increasing trade and growing reputation. Business men who deal in leather should remember the above address, and fail not to visit an establishment that occupies a leading position among the man-

ufactories of the Dominion. The firm employ five commercial travellers, one of whom is Mr. James Young, long and favorably known on the eastern route.

History informs us that during the reign of one of England's ancient kings, so great was the morality of the people that purses containing money might, with perfect safety, have been hung up by the sides of the public thoroughfares of the country. I hesitate to admit that the present generation have deteriorated from the ancient stock ; but I must confess to considerable doubt about the safety of any valuables thus left dangling, in the year of our Lord 1868. Instead, man's ingenuity and inventive skill have reaped a rich pecuniary reward, by the introduction of contrivances that should baffle the rascality of the evil disposed. Convincing proof of the success attending these efforts may be gleaned from the fact, that when Quantrel, the celebrated guerilla leader, at the head of his followers, made a dash into Painsville, Tennessee, for the purpose of plundering the bank, which contained a large sum in greenbacks ; the same, fortunately for the owners thereof, was deposited in a mammoth burglar-proof safe, made by Messrs. Kershaw & Edwards, of Boston, Mass. This faithful iron "guardian" was proof against the sledge-hammers and chisels of its assailants ; thirty minutes drilling making no favorable impression ; at the expiration of which time the appearance of a detachment of Northern troops, caused a hasty retreat. This same firm, Kershaw & Edwards, have, besides their Boston institution a very large manufactory in Montreal, where they employ some fifty men, and turn out a very large number of safes, from the small, compact affair for private residence, up to the nine foot giant, for bank use, capacious enough for the storage of millions. This firm are also manufacturers of burglar-proof locks, prison safety-locks, ornamental iron doors, &c., &c.

The great superiority of the articles they manufacture has created for them a demand in every section of the Dominion. Intending purchasers will be supplied with a catalogue, by addressing KERSHAW & EDWARDS, safe manufacturers, Montreal.

*Canada Engine Works.*—The agricultural interest of our country is ranked the foremost, and is considered the backbone of our na-

tional wealth. True, the farming lands of the country have repaid a noble tribute to the energetic perseverance of the husbandmen, enabling them to export millions of bushels of grain to feed the hungry mouths of Europe, bringing in return an annual sum of money that has rendered the occupation of the farmer a lucrative one. But, of late years, the business men of our country have been strongly advocating the inauguration of more manufactures in our midst; the unlimited water privileges scattered over the whole land offer the greatest inducements to capitalists to invest, besides bringing to us an additional population of the right sort, for the benefit and welfare of the country. It is a pleasing duty to be enabled to add, that of late years men of wealth and influence have begun to appreciate the necessities of the case, and by the formation of joint stock companies, and private enterprise also, have established many factories, the products of which would be creditable to any land. It is not, however, of any modern enterprise we are now going to speak. True the nineteen years as a business existence of the establishment whose name heads this page, would not in Britain be considered as of ancient date, but in a young country like ours, that space of time is representative of so much onward progress that we are fain to look upon a business started that number of years since, as something ancient and old established. Montreal pre-eminently heads all competition in the number and extent of her manufactories, and so also equally a-head of any other in the same line of business. The "Canada Engine Works" are, through their conspicuous superiority, deserving of being chosen as the representative in its particular line among the factory interests of the city. The works are located on St. Joseph street, a frontage thereon of five hundred feet, and occupy in total a space of ground equivalent to five acres. We cannot pretend in our necessarily brief notice to do justice to the magnitude of the subject, but if our readers are anxious to gain a little insight of the interior arrangements we will bespeak their attention to the following: Putting ourselves under the guidance of E. E. Gilbert, Esq., who is sole proprietor of all we survey, we commence our tour of inspection at the eastern end of the ground floor. The first department is filled

with completed machinery of every description, awaiting transhipment to its destination in different sections of the Dominion; next are the private offices, and a separate large room for the exclusive use of the time-keeper of the establishment, the latter not in the shape of a two or eight-day clock, but a courteous and obliging specimen of the *genus homo*, who willingly, without grumbling, favored us with satisfactory replies to the many questions we asked of him. His duty, as the name (time-keeper) denotes, is to check the arrival and departure of the workmen. This is done in the following simple, but effectual, manner: Each employee about the place is known by number only; it is required of him when he comes to his daily work to call at the checker's window and receive that number. Tickets not lifted by five minutes past the hour of seven a.m., point out their owners as being absent from their labour, who are at once marked a quarter day short. The same thing is repeated on their leaving for and returning from dinner. An equally ingenious plan is adopted in the way of paying the men, which ever welcome visitation occurs every two weeks, and requires the large sum of \$2,400 to go around. The plan of numbering is also adopted by having a lot of small round tin boxes lettered on the outside lid with the number of the workman to whom it belongs. On pay day the amount of wages due is enclosed in this box, and handed him through a small window, underneath which is a small aperture corresponding with the size of the box, and through which he is expected, after having abstracted his pay, to drop the empty bank. The same plan is adopted in the giving out of tools, thus saving to the proprietor an immense yearly loss, besides his having the satisfaction of knowing that by the adoption of the present plan his business interests otherwise are well guarded. After this digression we will proceed with our inspection to No. 2 department, called the "turning shop," over 180 feet in length by 50 in width. This place is filled with the largest and heaviest description of lathes, planers, radial anvils, shapers, &c., necessary to manufacture the very largest steam engines used in this country. There is also a mammoth complication called large chuck, and a host of other machines that to a non-mechanical reader would be words of heavy mean-

ing, but in no way intelligible. We noticed in this shop several very large propeller screws undergoing the boring out operation, one of which weighed the respectable number of 2,970lbs, a decided heavy weight for a bore! (No pun intended.) No. 3 on the list we find to be the blacksmith shop, well filled with a score or more of the grimmy sons of Vulcan, who in their dark blue shirts, with bared arms, were ringing out sturdy blows that made the very neighborhood echo, and tickled the unaccustomed ear with the concussion. To our right we noticed two perpendicular machines that to us were a mystery. We ruminated and cogitated upon their probable duty, but the longer the study the more our perplexity. We then made inquiry and found out they were steam hammers, the persuasive force of whose knock down arguments are tremendous, and the reverberations of whose blows makes one feel a slight attack of the shaking of ague. Next is a heating furnace, alongside of which we see huge piles of scrap iron. The presence of this article leads us to make further inquiries, and we find that Mr. Gilbert is the only machinist in the country who makes his own forgings. Saving all the scraps, he is enabled with his scrapping furnace and steam hammers, to make an article immeasurably superior, and at a much less price than it costs other manufacturers, all of whom sell their scrap; the party who buys the same, ships to the U. S., paying a duty of \$8 per ton. The American manufacturer paying burdensome taxes and large wages, resell the manufactured article to our Canadian engine builders, who have still again to pay customs dues and cost of transport. Still another advantage. The scrap used by Mr. Gilbert being of boiler plate, &c., is of the very best description, while experience has proven that the bulk of the imported article is made from condemned railway bars, and other refuse iron of that description. No. 4 is the boiler rivetting shop, which presents the same busy scene of industry conspicuous to the eye. As we enter is a mammoth boiler suspended by immense chains from supports above. Anxious to ascertain the reason of hoisting such an unwieldy article to such an unusual height, we learn in the words of our informant, " 'tis to give the machine a chance." His meaning we found to be, to enable the rivetting machine to work

around the lower end of the boiler. This powerful squeezer is the only one in use in the whole Dominion; its daily performance requiring four attendants, is equal to thirty men, and its friendly pressure exerts an influence similar to fifty tons. These are appreciable advantages even in the estimation of the unscientific; but to those posted it has other equally valuable peculiarities. This fifty ton squeezing giant forces the hot iron of the rivet thoroughly into the hole, and the heads of the rivet perfectly solid on both sides, while the disadvantages of the old-fashioned hand system are that the thread of the rivet is formed only on one side, and the iron invariably becomes cold before being properly finished, while in the case of machine-made rivets we noticed several of them red hot after being completed. 5th. In the foundry, in which fifty men are engaged, the average casting is over six tons per day. There are two separate departments here, one of which is reserved for the very heaviest class of work, such as propeller screws, etc., while the other is used for lighter green sand work. If constant exposure to intense heat will tend to make a man incombustible, the individuals I see flitting around, carrying their huge pots of molten iron, should be perfect Salamanders. The appearance of the interior of a large foundry like this, when they are engaged casting, is a novel and exciting scene. The loud calls of the workmen, the explosions taking place every few seconds, and the many streams of fiery liquid at one time pouring into the different pattern boxes, recalls vividly to the mind the picture of the infernal regions. To add still more to the unnatural aspect of affairs, a dense, greyish cloud of sulphurous streams envelopes one, and through whose hazy depths the grotesque and weird-like is rendered ten-fold more strange and curious. My curiosity held me a spectator till the taste of sulphur in my mouth and nostrils, and a general smoky state of things internally, made a hasty retreat to the open air necessary. Passing through the finishing shop, in which we saw an immense assortment of machinery receiving the finishing touch, we found ourselves once more breathing pure air, and blessed with a glimpse of noon-day light. At the eastern extremity of the yard we behold two steamers on the stocks. The largest of the two, 170 feet long, is being built by Mr. Cantin, of the adjoining pre-



mises, for Mr. Gildersleeve, of Kingston, and is intended, when finished, for the route between Port Hope and Charlotte. The other smaller boat is a ferry to ply between Montreal and Longueuil. Mr. Gilbert is building the engines for both steamers; the number 190 we noticed upon one of them, denoting that to be the number of that kind of engine turned out of his establishment. Specimens of Mr. Gilbert's skill as an engineer are scattered through the length and breadth of the Dominion. As one or two of his productions we might mention the engine of the Water Works Company, Toronto, for whom he is now building a second, the steamer *Spartan*, Messrs. Gooderham & Worts' distillery, and a host of others. After getting a little refreshed, we return to the interior of the works, and proceed up stairs to see what is to be seen. We find over 200 feet of space, thirty of it occupied for a draughting office, and the balance with pattern-makers, who are preparing in wood the creation of the designers' skill. In this place is made the patterns for everything manufactured upon the premises, which, after being used, are carefully stowed away for further requirements. By-the-by, our requirements in the way of space forbids us indulging our curiosity much further. It seems to our mind something wondrously strange how one man can successfully manage such a gigantic business—how one head, one brain-power, can properly superintend the multifarious calls upon its attention, and keep collected the thoughts which it is absolutely necessary fifty times per day to concentrate upon fifty different subjects, 220 men to superintend, to keep an eye upon, twenty different pieces of machinery manufacturing to be looked after, designs, etc., to assist at, and correct. All this, yes, and much more, must be accomplished; and that in the case of E. E. Gilbert, Esq., of the Canada Marine Works, it is successfully accomplished, the immense business he is doing, and the reputation of his manufactures, is a sufficient guarantee.

*Furniture, &c.*—There is no one particular portion of the city of Montreal that more strongly impresses the visitor with her wealth and enterprise, than a walk of a few hundred yards along the banks of St. Gabriel Locks. Within this short distance are located some of the largest factories in the country, employing an

army of men, whose earnings have done much towards building up the western section of the city. One of the most extensive in the neighborhood is W. Hilton & Co.'s furniture factory, which employs the year round from 150 to 200 men. The workshops consist of two brick buildings, four stories in height, 200 feet by 40. The whole machinery of which is driven by water, equal to fifty horse power. Having a little time at our disposal, we took a ramble through the interior, and were much gratified with the result. Many things formerly dreamt not of in our philosophy, were, on this occasion, made manifest. Our curiosity respecting many, hitherto to us, incomprehensible doings, appeared now of the most simple nature. One of the most interesting attractions to us was the process of making mirror plates, which are here turned out in immense quantities, from the humble cottager's six inch by four looking-glass, to the mammoth mirror of the fashionable drawing-room—nine feet by six. The work done in our presence for inspection of the same, was the smaller size before named, and certainly the process surprised us by its extreme simplicity. As clearly as possible, we will furnish the unposted with a rough outline: A square, wooden frame is before the workman, upon which he lays a sheet of tin foil of the desired size; this foil is then covered with quicksilver; a sheet of ordinary paper is laid over the same, and again the plate of glass, first well cleaned, surmounts the whole; the sheet of paper is then gently withdrawn, and the job is complete. In answer to our inquiries respecting the use of the paper, we were informed that by this means the scum of the silver, and all air bubbles were ejected. The large sized mirror plates, before alluded to, are made on huge stone beds, and of course require much more care and skillful treatment in the manufacture. After being finished, they are left in the frame for several days, pressed down with a large number of heavy iron weights. We were told that the workmen were not allowed to continue at the silvering process more than two or three days in succession, owing to the injurious influence it has upon the health. We have been somewhat lengthy in our remarks on this particular department, as it is the only place, if we mistake not, in the Dominion, where such work is done. A further inspection of the

premises, both up stairs and down, revealed to us the whole process of furniture making, from the time the rough, unshaped timber enters the place, till it emerges—a thing of beauty. We behold all kinds and descriptions; the plain Windsor chair; the cane-bottomed, and the still more elaborate and costly carved walnut and rose-wood; bureaux, plain, substantial and cheap; and bureaux carved with the utmost proficiency of art. Tables, whose legs are intended for service, and others whose delicate supports and fairy proportions bespeak the requisite of fashion, more for ornament than use. Bedsteads of puritanical simplicity of construction, whose strongest recommendation is their extreme durability and cheapness; but still looking as if the sleeper's experience would be nightly penance for his sins of the day. In their immediate neighborhood are their more aristocratic brethren, glorious in carving, and resplendent with the glitter of the highly polished wood, fitted with spring mattress or feather beds; it does seem as though the most wretched might be wooed to steep their senses in sweet forgetfulness. Every description of wood, suitable for furniture purposes, is here undergoing manipulation. One of the prettiest pieces of workmanship we saw was made from butternut, and presented a beautiful succession of wavy reflections upon its highly finished surface. As you proceed from room to room, and notice the long rows of busy workmen, inspect the mountains of furniture, both in the uncompleted and in the finished state, you wonder to yourselves, where are the customers to be found to buy it all. Yet, immense as is the quantity manufactured by Messrs. Hilton & Co., they find it difficult to keep the supply commensurate with the demand. The reputation of their furniture has spread from one end of the Dominion to the other; and at sales of household furniture, the mere announcement of the auctioneer that the articles are Hiltons' make, adds fully ten per cent. to the value in the minds of the buyers. The motto of the firm has evidently been that "whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," and making this maxim their rule in trade, they have placed themselves among the very foremost furniture manufacturers in Canada. There are many other interesting departments, we should like, were the time ours, to examine well; but not hav-

ing leisure, we are compelled to bestow but a cursory glance. In the gilding room we noticed some magnificent frames for the larger sized mirrors, chaste in design and splendidly executed. Their price, however, is suggestive of plethoric pocket book, and, lest any of our readers as owners of such, plead not guilty, I will refrain from committing to paper the actual cost. Messrs. H. & Co. are also ahead of all comparison in the manufacture of mahogany furniture, turning out more in six months than all the combined factories of the Dominion in one year. This class of work is almost a specialty with them, and in this particular line they have gained an enviable reputation. Descending to the large, open yards in rear of the factories, we see huge piles of seasoned lumber awaiting the handiwork of the mechanic. Rows upon rows, and piles after piles—to the left of us, in front of us, and all around us. Yet, large as the assortment seems to us, we find that the firm is daily adding to the stock, and is continually employing agents to scour the country in search of fine specimens of timber. This energy is what builds up a business, and pushes our country forward in the march of civilization. Such men as the two Messrs. Hilton are public benefactors. They give employment to a large number of work people; and by the unlimited means at their command, and the consequent introduction of labor-saving machines, they have been able to reduce the price of furniture fifty per cent. from old fashioned rates.

We close these remarks by wishing Messrs. Hilton & Co. a continuation of past success, and the expressed hope that their example will be followed by others who, blessed with a liberal amount of this world's goods, yet refuse to invest the same in a manner that would redound to their credit and benefit their country.

*Canada Marble Works.*—Adjoining the premises of Messrs. Hilton & Co., is situate the large marble works of R. Forsyth, Esq., the only establishment of its kind in the Dominion. The work in all other marble shops is done by hand. In this model factory, machinery driven by water power is brought into requisition. The works cover a very large space, and are supplied with every labour-saving machine known to the business. The factory building, itself, is of stone, three stories high, built on the banks of the canal, and is

fitted with immense cranes to hoist into the building the huge blocks of marble brought by boat from the various parts of the United States. Entering the interior, we find the ground floor fitted with machine saws and polishing beds. Each frame is capable of running forty saws. At the time of our visit there were several immense blocks of Italian marble, weighing from six to eight tons, being sawed into slabs of the required thickness ; also some beautiful specimens of Lisbon marble, a kind very brittle and difficult to work by hand. The polishing bed is an enormous circular machine, similar in size and appearance to an ordinary turn-table. The marble to be polished is fitted in a frame-work, with its face resting on the surface of the circular bed, the steady revolutions of which grinds away all inequalities, and leaves it ready for the final polish. Proceeding to the floor above, we find some thirty men at work polishing, drilling and carving. Our attention was attracted to many beautiful specimens of the workmen's skill, from the plain monumental tablet attesting the virtues of the departed dead, to the most elaborate specimens of the sculptor's art ; all were represented. We much admired some magnificent carved pilastres for mantel pieces, the execution and finish of which were beyond all praise. They were, if we mistake not, made for a well-known gentleman in the Province of Ontario. On a still higher floor we found a large collection of completed work—thousands of marble stands for coal oil lamps, and a great variety of mantel pieces, etc. In our estimation, we saw nothing more chaste in appearance or more pleasing to the eye than the various specimen monuments of Scotch granite. This beautiful stone is susceptible of a very high polish, and its variegated and mottled surface has a most striking effect. Mr. F. is, beyond all comparison, the largest importer of this article in the country, and is constantly receiving orders for the same, worked into tomb-stones, monuments, etc., from every section of Canada. Rambling through the immense yards that surround the factory building, we find them, along with several large sheds, completely filled with blocks of marble, Italian, American and Portuguese. The moving of some of these blocks, eight and ten tons weight, would, in the estimation of most people, be looked upon as a most formidable undertaking ; but here, where everything is done on system, and that system the latest and most improved, we find

that two men can conveniently handle the same. Away up above our heads we notice a mammoth travelling crane, whose powerful persuasion draws after it the very heaviest weight, elevates the same to any required height, and gently lowers it to the yard beneath. A truck with broad iron wheels resting on the tramway below, receives the ponderous mass, and is easily wheeled along to the sawing sheds, where it is run on to a turn-table directly in front of the sawing machine. One round sweep of this, and the marble is turned about and easily run upon the frame-work, and fitted in its proper position for cutting. From these same yards the majority of the marble shops in the Province of Quebec draw their supplies, the immense stock kept on hand giving every opportunity and advantage to purchasers. The number of workmen employed is about forty, who, with the assistance of the machinery above described, can turn out as much as one hundred under the old-fashioned rule. Before concluding this notice, we must not omit to mention Mr. Forsyth's office and sample rooms, 130 Bleury Street, where the visitor will be delighted with the many beautiful objects of art scattered about. The stock kept there is very large and varied, and the numerous designs, from the cheap and simple to the most elaborate and costly, cannot fail to satisfy the requirements of all. In conclusion, we wish a continuation of past success to the subject of this notice, and return him our thanks for the pleasure experienced in this stroll through the model Marble Works of the Dominion.

*Hose and Belting Manufactory.*—The oldest established and most extensive manufacturers in Canada, of the above, is John C. McLaren, 149 Great St. James Street, Montreal. The style of machinery in use in this business, a few years ago, both in the United States and Canada, is now superseded by newer inventions, having great improvements over their predecessors, so much so, that work which previously consumed from fifteen to twenty minutes, is now easily finished in two. And not alone is the advantage in time saved, but the execution is also far superior. One of the most interesting in its workings, to the on-looker, is a finishing and measuring machine, made from designs furnished by the proprietor, who, from years of practical experience in his business, decided

that in this particular respect there was great room for improvement, and at once set about to accomplish the same. The working of this marvel of ingenuity is certainly well worth beholding, as a specimen of man's inventive skill. The belting, at the time of passing through the machine, has both edges dressed, and by a recorded dial-plate attached to the machinery, having upon its face a moveable hand, which hand is, upon starting, pointed to shew every revolution of the small attached cog-wheel revolving upon the edge of the dial plate, moves the hand forward a corresponding notch, so that when the whole length of belting is run through, its exact length to an eighth of an inch is recorded by this mute scrutineer, who is never guilty of making a mistake. Another improvement of the proprietor is the construction, in connection with the above machine, of a large rolling wheel, whose duty it is to wind up the band as it emerges from the dressing and measuring operation, a duty so well performed that the same rolls of stock, with the simple addition of a tack, might, without any danger of their unrolling, be shipped from one end of the Dominion to the other. Near the mechanical wonder just noticed, we observe an immense number of stretching frames, whose occupation is, as their name suggests, the stretching of the leather preparatory to its being cut into the required width and length for hose or belting. The leather is kept upon these racks till it becomes perfectly dry, so that, after being manufactured into the article it is intended for, there is neither danger of stretching or shrinking. The manner in which these frames are now worked enables two men to accomplish more work in one hour than under the old system in ten. To properly prepare the leather in the various phases it passes through from the time the rough hide is taken hold of till it emerges a polished leather belt, copper rivetted, and warranted for an almost indefinite period, there are used many different classes of knives, etc., displaying great ingenuity in their make. One of these, a belt splice point finisher, reflects great credit upon the inventor and patentee, Mr. McLaren; also a scarfing knife, a single scoop of which shaves to a fine point the edges of the band where it is intended to rivet, said joins being first effected by glue, and receiving a gentle pressure through the medium of hydraulic persuasion. Having noted the most interesting on the main floor, we descend

into the basement, and here see huge piles of the very best English oak tanned leather (no other being used,) awaiting manufacture at the hands of the sturdy workmen we see scattered around, who, scraping knife in hand, are busy at labor. The great care and personal supervision given to his business by Mr. McLaren has gained for him in his especial line a reputation that heads the market. Those who require rubber or leather belting or hose, whatever length or size, should, in whatever section of Canada they may reside, if they study their own interests, communicate with the firm, and they will, if it is required, forward a circular containing the price per foot of any and every article they make; and the reputation already gained is a sufficient guarantee that purchasers will be entirely satisfied with the treatment received at the hands of John C. McLaren, leather belt and hose manufacturer, 149 Great St. James Street, Montreal.

Leather lacing for belt purposes, being made from leather prepared by a new process, the exclusive use of which for the Dominion has been purchased from the inventor by Mr. McLaren—the superior advantage derived from this improvement is the increased strength obtained, a narrow strip a quarter inch in width withstanding the utmost efforts of a strong man to break it.

*Stoves, Iron Bedsteads, &c.*—As the representative manufacturer of Montreal in the above line, both for extent of premises and the number of men engaged about the works, we feel it but due to favor our readers with a few remarks about the establishment of W. Glendenning, Esq. The first establishment of the present business dates back to the year 1838, under the name of Bonner, Hagar & Co., next J. B. Bonner & Co., followed by Wm. Rodden & Co., and now owned and conducted by Wm. Glendenning, who, prior to assuming the proprietorship, occupied a position for many years in the office of his predecessors. Owing to the limited space at our disposal, we regret being compelled to give only a very curtailed and imperfect description of the premises. Commencing with that portion fronting nearly 200 feet on William Street, we enter a large room sacred to the use of the pattern makers, who first in wood work out the various designs that are intended to be cast in iron. One very chaste and beautiful pattern of railing we particularly noticed,



and were informed by our courteous guide, Mr. Parker, that it was in fulfilment of an order from C. J. Brydges, Esq., for the railing of the tomb of his lately buried son. Next in order on our visiting list is a stock warehouse, which, upon examination, we find crammed to the rafters with over 500 stoves. We were, as Artemus would have said, "muchly pleased" with a sample shewn us of Mr. Glendinning's last patent, called the New Dominion, intended to burn coal. It is, we believe, destined to lead the market, and become the popular favorite of the people, embracing in its construction many new principles, which must be personally examined to be understood. It has received the most flattering commendation from each and every one that has purchased them. Now that wood has become so elevated in price, with the prospect of becoming every year still dearer, the residents in cities and towns will soon begin to believe in the economy of using coal. A large number of the New Dominion will this season be shipped to an agent in Toronto, to better accommodate the many parties in Western Canada who are anxious to become purchasers. We also noticed many large and handsome stoves for hall use, extra ornamental specimens for the fashionable parlor, huge box stoves for heating purposes, unsurpassed by any, and a score of other styles, all of which are warranted by the manufacturer to give entire satisfaction. We now proceed up stairs to another storeroom, where is preserved all the wooden patterns used in the making of stoves, iron railings, bedsteads, &c. The collection is immense. Since the foundation of the business, as mentioned before, now 30 years ago, every pattern of any value has been saved, and can in this place be found. Some of the models are very chaste and beautiful in their design, particularly distinguishable for the style and finish, being a sample of the railing made for St. Andrew's Church, Montreal, another for the place of worship of Dr. Chalmer, Quebec, also a very unique and elegant style just completed for the Albert Block, Victoria Square, besides hundreds of less costly patterns manufactured for private gentlemen of the city and country. Going still higher up we find another collection of wooden models used in the make of iron columns, &c., from the plain fluted pillar to the more elaborate style of French or Italian ingenuity. Again descending below, we

cross the yard, and inspect the moulding-shop, where some forty men are busy at work. If, like the famous salamanders, you are warranted fire-proof and inscorchable, come along and inspect this red glaring interior; strong limbed men, black and grimy with the proofs of their toil, are staggering along with huge pots, filled with the glittering molten iron; clouds of sulphurous smoke and steam enshroud you in a hazy panoply, through which you catch glimpses of flitting figures, rendered grotesque and weird-like in the distance; suddenly a dull booming like explosion takes place in our immediate neighborhood, and my friend who accompanies me, displays wondrous agility in a backward jump of about ten feet. Finding nobody hurt, he again consented to advance, but by the gingerly manner in which he threaded his way, one could easily believe that he imagined himself walking on the crust of an underground volcano liable at any moment to engulf him. Having compassion for his timidity, we beat a retreat to cooler quarters, and made ourselves acquainted with the stove finishing shop. After being cast and properly cooled, the stoves are removed here to undergo a thorough cleaning operation. The clattering crash of the huge revolving wheels necessary in this department are anything but a soothing solace to the mind. We, therefore, take sudden intentions for the upper floor, where we find a large number of men engaged in fitting together the different portions of the stove. Leaving this fitting shop, we mount still higher up and view another class of fitters, whose duty is to do the same with all railings and bedsteads made on the premises. After leaving this floor, the now completed job goes into another workroom, and receives the finishing ornamental touch from the hands of the painters and bronzers, who clothe the iron frame work in the most attractive garb to tempt the purchaser. Thus far on our journey, we begin to feel somewhat tired and returning to the office rest ourselves, and at the same time glance over a few memorandums, which inform us that over 100 men are engaged by this enterprising firm, that they cast on an average the year around five tons of metal per day, turning out in a completed state some thousands of stoves and iron bedsteads yearly. Without a personal inspection it is quite impossible to appreciate this extensive establishment.

*Candies, Confections, &c.*—Sala, as the result of his observations while roaming through the United States, pronounced the Americans "pie mad." From personal experience, I can substantiate his statement, and willingly declare that on mince pie they can't be beat; yet not alone south of the line are these things to be noticed and spoken about. We Canadians have a sweet tooth, and like occasionally the pleasure of filling it. The amount of candies and confections consumed in our own country, raise up in the mind many conjectures about the possible consequences. In the manufacture of these luxuries, great improvement has of late years been made; the spirit of modern goaheadativeness has turned its attention even this way, and the consequent effect is the introduction of machinery that simplifies, and with twenty-fold rapidity, accomplishes the work. As the leading representatives in this especial line in Montreal, we intend subjoining a few remarks about the wholesale manufacturing premises of Messrs. Findlay & McWilliam, St. Paul street. Their building is a substantial stone structure, four stories in height; its outward appearance of solidity denoting that it was meant more for use than ornament; the interior is arranged as follows: The first floor embraces a large packing and sample room, and the office accommodations. In the rear of these we are greeted with the whirr of machinery, and notice a six horse power engine whose duty it is to keep revolving the steam boilers used for manufacturing almond and other of the finest class of lozenges. Dreading the result if we tarry here in the presence of such seductive influences as are scattered around, we elevate ourselves to the second floor, and find the same filled with very mountains of good things, embracing every variety known to the trade, and which are now being packed away into neat paste-board boxes, by a baker's dozen of fair hands; from here removed to another department, the boxes receive their finishing touch, in the shape of ornamental labels, with the name of the firm attached, after which they are lowered to the several stock-rooms, from whence they are shipped to customers in every part of the Dominion. At the time of our visit we noticed several large packages addressed to wholesale houses in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia; a fact that

tells well for the reputation of the makers. Still moving upwards to the third floor, we are ushered into a large drying room, which, as its name denotes, is reserved for the purpose of properly drying the various kind of gum drops, medicated lozenges, &c., to prepare them still better to withstand the many changes of climate they are bound to experience in their travels. Still higher in the upper regions is stored the reserved stock of stick candies, peppermints, &c., in such enormous quantities, that the uninitiated might feel inclined to believe, that with the youthful portion of our population, candies are the daily *regimen*. Through the pushing energy of Messrs. Findlay & McWilliams, who, like all successful men, believe in a liberal distribution of printer's ink, and what is of equal consequence, the determination to give entire and thorough satisfaction to every customer who patronizes them ; dealing with them in a liberal business spirit, they have built up a trade which, of its kind, is the foremost in the country, giving constant employment to over twenty people on the premises, besides a large number outside, engaged in the manufacture of boxes, cases, &c. We have much pleasure in wishing a continuation of the very flattering success that has attended the enterprise of Messrs. Findlay & McWilliams.

*Last Factory, &c.*—The firm, whose name we are about to notice, are the heaviest manufacturers of the above article in the country. Their premises, located on Queen street, Montreal, are very large and well adapted to the requirements of their extensive business. Possessed of ample means and practical experience, Mr. Charles Childs, the proprietor, has introduced, in the way of machinery, every improvement that would likely tend to benefit his business. Commencing with the basement floor of his factory, our attention was drawn to a very beautifully finished machine, whose duty it is to convert the rough block of hard maple wood into the shapely last, from the article of most "cinderella-like" proportions, up to the "scow-shaped" stoga boot style, for heavy wear and tear. The inventive skill of the foreman of the establishment, Mr. Hall, led him, some time since, to study the possibility of adding an improvement to the machine at that time in use, which, similar to all others at work in the factories of the United States and Canada,

was capable only of turning out one single last at a time. The consequence of his investigation was a signal success, and the building of a much larger machine, that now, with the same motive power as formerly used, turns out a pair of lasts in the same space of time as previously necessary to complete the single number. This is, we are informed, the only machine so constructed on the continent. Nearly the whole of the basement premises is filled with thousands of blocks of wood, cut to the necessary size for undergoing the transformation just spoken of. After leaving the hands of the workmen below, the lasts, as yet in a rough state, are packed in large baskets and elevated to an upper floor, where a large number of employees are engaged in giving them a smoother appearance, while others are at work capping them with iron toes, to fit them better for standing the wear and tear at the hands of the shoemakers. Still moving onwards, we enter the final finishing room, whose dozens of wheels, inclosed in canvass, and kept well powdered with white stone quartz, are revolving with lightning rapidity, smoothing the surface of the last, and giving them the desired smoothness and polish. At the present time this establishment is turning out over one thousand pairs of lasts per week, and with every prospect of soon being compelled to double the amount. Mr. Childs is also largely engaged in the manufacture of dies for cutting out sole leather; also, boot trees, crimping machines, and many other necessities in shoe makers' line. It has given us much pleasure to notice this pushing firm, as a prominent representative of the rapidly increasing manufactories of Montreal.

While writing about Montreal, I desire to allude to the ocean; I mean not the boundless waste of waters whose glories have been sung by some of the greatest poets of the past and present age; but of that domestic institution located on Notre Dame street—"The Ocean"—the presiding spirit of which is friend SAVAGE. The caves of its ancient namesake, with all their mythical beauties of brilliant shells and many-hued crystals, is not more gorgeous in its furnishing than the walls of its modern inland representative. Cold water advocates had better not enter the portals of this shrine of Bacchus. Man's resolutions are weak, and thine may

succumb to the seductive influence of the wine cup when it is red. Bayard Taylor, writing from the vine-clad hills of Italy, asserts that in those countries, where the wines are made, and the people daily consume the same, there is less intoxication than in any other country. Pure liquors, moderately used, not abused, injure not the constitution. As a believer of this doctrine, friend Savage provides himself with such, and nothing else. His place of resort, so popular among the leading citizens of the metropolis, should be seen by all who visit Montreal. Its equal 'twould be difficult to name, and its superior is not at any rate a part of the Confederation. I dare any one to say that Canadian "guerillas" are "driukists," in the common acceptation of the term. For company's sake, "only this and nothing more," they quaff the generous beverage; and when "off the track," viz: recuperating in Montreal, preparatory to another raid, there is no place they more persistently patronize, or more strongly recommend, than "The Ocean," A. P. Savage, proprietor, 443 Notre Dame street, corner Dollard.

As mentioned elsewhere in these pages, one of the most popular places of resort, in the "Queen City of the West," is the Terrapin Saloon and Restauration; equally high in the estimation of the public, is its namesake in Montreal. That good old maxim, "that whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," has evidently been the motto of its proprietor. Joseph Carlisle, or, as he is more intimately termed, "Joe," by a liberal outlay of the "circulating medium," has succeeded in presenting to his patrons a fashionable place of resort, inferior to no other on the continent; and by personal supervision of every detail of his business, entire satisfaction to his visitors is ensured. French critics assert that John Bull is ignorant of the first rudiments of scientific cookery. Not desiring to join issue with such high authority, I make no reply to the accusation; but do most emphatically proclaim that they are most excellent judges of the same, when set before them. The potentes of Joe's cooking-range may be white or black, French, "or any other man;" I express no prejudice, but so long as he displays so much skill as now characterises his efforts, the Terrapin is sure to rank "A No. 1" on the list. "Tempt not thy brother man," so says the good Samaritan. With all due respect for the sage

advice, I quote another and equally charitable remark, "Do unto others as you would wish them to do unto you." Acting by this, I say that the visitor to Montreal, who leaves without visiting the Terrapin, neglects to become acquainted with one of the institutions of the city; and knowing the opinion of a host of "guerillas," who are a little on the "suction," one might be tempted to add—"So say all around."

*Albion Hotel, Montreal.*—As the oldest established, and one of the best managed hotels in Canada, we cannot close our remarks about Montreal without making mention of the Albion Hotel, St. Paul Street. For fourteen years it has deservedly received three-fourths of the Western trade. In the spring and autumn, when merchants are coming forward to the market to buy stock, this hotel is jammed. Other houses may be only half full, offering any amount of accommodation, yet, night after night, numerous "shake-downs" at the Albion have to be improvised, to meet the requirements of the occasion. The mention made in another part of this book, respecting the "drummers" who ply their avocation with such consummate skill, was presented first to the mind of the writer by personal observation of its workings at this house. Knowing that the great bulk of traders stop here, these "drummers" haunt the place from morning to night; in many instances engage their board, just to be on hand during the busy season.

Owing to the steadily increasing business, the proprietor, Mr. Decker, has, this last season, got possession of a block of buildings on Magill Street, for the purpose of enabling him to extend the hotel to that street. Workmen will in a few weeks be started, and, when completed, it will add some ninety rooms to the present building, giving in all a little over two hundred sleeping apartments. The office and saloon will then be removed to the front street, making the same much more cheerful and pleasant. Money will not be spared in the alterations about to be undertaken, and the well-known ability of Mr. Decker, who has worked up the reputation of the "Albion," and made it what it is, is a sufficient guarantee that things will go on improving from good to better and best. The charges, also, are moderate, and better suit the requirements of the vast majority of travellers, many of the so-called "first class

houses" deserving the title more through the amount of their charge than aught else. We are happy to know that the past years of Mr. Decker's experience as a hotel-keeper have been so successful; and that they have been so, the splendid model farm of 450 acres he is owner of, located in the neighborhood of Philipsburg, Quebec, laid out with great taste, having a splendid residence and the newest improved outbuildings, besides being stocked with some of the choicest breeds in the Dominion. Such a substantial proof is a sufficient guarantee of past success, and it is the hope of all those who know him, that the Albion Hotel, with L. W. Decker, Esq., as proprietor, may have a prosperous future of many years ahead of it.

Disporting with the "ivories" has become, within the last few years, all the rage. Since the Canadian *expert*, Joseph Dion, made such a brilliant reputation as a billiardist, the mania seems to have spread, and infected the majority of the rising generation. All are anxious to copy the "nursing" example set by McDevitt, and equally willing to "cushionate" after the style of "Jo." For a thorough enjoyment of the game, a quiet room is absolutely necessary. That *desideratum*, is found nearer to perfection at Harry McVittie's Billiard Hall, on Notre Dame Street, than in any other "Parlor" in Montreal. Harry is one of the "boys" from the "Queen City of the West," where he left behind him a host of friends, only to make a still larger circle in the "Commercial Metropolis." His tables are of the latest and best make, no crowding of players, well ventilated, and a bar stocked with the choicest liquors and cigars: all this at a moderate charge. If there is a man who requires more, he is probably a relative of that individual called "a natural grumbler." Patrons of the game, remember the address, and, taking the word of one who has played there, "Go thou and do likewise." Opposite the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal, at No. 30, Great St. James Street, visitors and residents of the city will find a choice assortment of cigars, tobaccos, meerschaum and other pipes; also, in the rear of the front store, a sample room. No necessity for explanation about the latter. Personal observation is the most satisfactory, and the presiding genius of the institution, Sam McConkey, formerly of "The Terrapin," will be found ever ready to accommodate the samplers.



These notes would scarce be complete without making favorable mention of one or two of the institutions of the West. It has been the unpleasant duty of the author to find fault with the accommodations offered to the travelling community in some of our Canadian towns, and the reader who is posted in the matter will admit that reproof has only been applied when absolutely necessary, and the interests of commercial men require it. Mine ease at mine Inn, is a real old English phrase, and one, which, when in reality felt, tends to make the traveller enjoy rather than otherwise his journey. That this remark can so seldom be truthfully applied, only the more enhances its merit when experienced. Probably no hotel in British America has gained a more wide spread and favorable reputation than the Rossin House, Toronto. While writing these lines, the memory, crowded with recollections of the past, vividly calls to mind the many good fellows and true I have met within its walls. It was always one of the favorite rallying points for Canadian guerillas, who, like the gentry from whom they derive their title, have a weakness for the good things of this world; it was a place ever visited with pleasure and departed from with regret. Some five years ago, the house was destroyed by fire, but was again rebuilt, and perfect in all its fittings as the old establishment was admitted to be; its successor is still more complete in all the necessary etcetras of a first-class hotel—the name of the proprietor, Mr. G. P. Shears, is one intimately known to the travelling public, and the thousands of visitors who patronised the Clifton House, Niagara Falls, when under his management, can bear testimony how truthful is the application to him of that Americanism so often misapplied, viz: "He knows how to run a Hotel."

Such, also, is the opinion of commercial travellers who are so egotistical as to consider themselves pretty good judges on the subject.

Great expectations! The same is applicable to other things besides the title page of a novel. Most travellers on their first visit to the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, enter the same with great expectations, formed of the superior accommodation they will receive, and judging from the popular verdict in favor of this House, those expectations are fully realized. Its name is well known to the travel-

ling public both of the United States and Canadas, and is spoken of by the majority as a model Hotel. To accommodate the yearly increasing business, Captain Dick, the owner and proprietor, has been compelled to make several very large additions to the original premises, till now, at the present time, they count some 300 rooms, all of which are furnished with the very latest improvements. The situation of the Hotel is admirable, commanding from its windows a splendid view of the harbour, Island, and Lake Ontario. In summer season, the Queen's is filled with American tourists who, when crossing from Niagara Falls, generally sojourn a few days in Toronto, preparatory to continuing their trip down the St. Lawrence. Mr. T. McGaw, the manager of the establishment, is a favorite with every guerilla on the road, having proved himself ever ready and anxious to accommodate the interests of his guests.

In old London, if one mentions the Tower, further explanation is considered unnecessary, its whereabouts is known to every inhabitant, young and old. So also, in Toronto, if one names the Terrapin, the same is equally known to the citizens thereof. It is the popular saloon and restaurant of Ontario, conducted in a style that few others can approach. Has, from its first opening, some ten years back, sustained an enviable reputation. A magnificent frescoed hall, in the rear of the front saloon, containing a handsome fountain, and is fitted up with comfortable chairs, marble-topped tables and furnished with a grand piano which, under the manipulation of a skilled artist, adds greatly to the nightly enjoyment of its patrons. A handsome stairway leads from the hall to the basement below, which is fitted up with every comfort and convenience. The bill-of-fare at all times embracing every luxury of the season.

The bar is kept stocked with all the choicest brands. And the cigar department will be found A No. 1 on the list.

Visitors to the city should make a note of the above.

The Albion Hotel, East Market Square, is one of the oldest established houses in Toronto, at present under the proprietorship of James Crocker, Esq., whose reputation as a caterer for the public has more than doubled its former large connection. The house is very conveniently situated, adjacent to the market and the

business section of the city, offering great advantages to parties visiting town on business. The charge is moderate, and the accommodation throughout first-class.

After the business of the day is over, the long winter evenings in country towns drag heavily along, no place of amusement to visit and your own stock of literary matter having been read and re-read, you naturally make a raid upon the resources of the hotel; their stock (I speak from actual knowledge) generally consists of Ayer's Almanack and a newspaper about a week old. Disgusted with your luck in trying to hunt up mental enjoyment, you take the notion to try a game of billiards. After a few shots on the table, you feel that you could play as lively a carom game on a skittle alley as on this apology for a billiard table, and not being desirous of an over-indulgence of muscular christianity, you quit at the consummation of the first game, and inwardly vow in your disgust to quit the game for a lengthened period. It is really a rare exception to find anything approaching a good table in country towns, and judging from the excuse I have heard made by their proprietors, the following is the chief reason: Most of the billiard tables in use in the Dominion have been imported from the United States, their high price prevents a man in a small town, with a limited number of players, assuming the risk of the purchase money; he, therefore, generally contents himself with buying a second-hand article, but utterly useless as a medium whereby we may indulge in an enjoyable game of billiards. As regards the price of a new table—now the objection—I will admit, has hitherto been a weighty one, but since Messrs. Riley & May, of Toronto, have started the manufacture of billiard tables, it has given all who desire such, the opportunity of purchasing at twenty-five per cent. less in cost than the imported article; and judging from the very great satisfaction these same tables give in the Rossin House, Toronto, and a score of other hotels where they are in use—they are equal to any manufactured on this continent.

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**G. P. SHEARS,**

*Proprietor.*

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## **QUEEN'S HOTEL,**

**TORONTO,**

**CAPTAIN DICK, Proprietor.**

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## **REVERE HOUSE,**

**TORONTO,**

**RILEY & MAY,**

**PROPRIETORS.**

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## **ALBION HOTEL,**

*East Market Square, Toronto,*

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